

The Garden of Love



Blue

T H E
Garden of Love,
A N D
R O Y A L F L O W E R
O F
F I D E L I T Y .
A Pleasant
H I S T O R Y .

Written Originally

By Mr. *John Reynolds* ; Author of
God's Revenge against Murder.

Now much Amplify'd by several Hands.

*The Eighth Edition, with Amendments
and Alterations.*

L O N D O N :

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at the *Red-Lyon* in *Pater-Noster-Row* :
And *J. Clarke*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Duck-*
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Licensed,

March the 16th.
1692.



Rob. Midgley.



1835

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THE
EPISTLE
TO THE
READER.

Courteous Reader,

YOU are here presented with the Garden of Love, and Royal Flower of Fidelity; a Theme always in request by Cupid's Admirers, and never disesteem'd by Heroick Spirits, where Virtue like a skilful Pilot, steers Prudently: The Conclave of Ingenious Philosophers upon whose Serene Brows Discretion sits Triumphant, do declare their Opinion, That there is no Love equivalent to that which is built upon the Rock of Virtue; and Divine Experience, doth by Sacred Examples daily demonstrate to us, that Desires which exceed Honours

The Epistle to the Reader.

Limits, are always in the Prime of their Hopes, meritoriously Crost by some prejudicial Misfortune: Whereas, on the contrary, Love, Grounded on a pious Determination, doth not only most flourishingly live in fortunate Prosperity, but likewise dieth in most blissful assured Felicity.

The Deity at all Times, abhorreth a Disloyal Heart, and with the Events of Contentation, Crowneth that Love whose Effects tend to Unfeigned Fidelity: The Rage of Love's Passions are of that Magnitude, that in a manner, all esteem Venus powerful: For, First, She, as an indulgent Mother, Predestinateth, and Cupid, as her obedient Son, striketh whom she Commands. By Nature, all Men are compounded of one Essential Substance, yet being produced under various Planets, Love, with her intricate Authority, doth Exercise her Cruelty more over some, than others; for Beauty hath such Power, and her Power such Virtue, that seldom any Mortal escapes from being sometimes scorched with the ardent Flame of her Tyrannical Persecutions; as well Potentates as Impotentents, fight under the Banner of Beauty; and Cupid, the Paphian Archer, being Blind, as soon strikes Robes, as Rags: Art can never wear out the Impression which

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The Epistle to the Reader.

Nature hath Imprinted, nor Dignities ever avoid that which Divinity setteth down for a Period.

All Men are Subjects to the God of Love; therefore no marvel if powerful Amours so seize the Heart of Princes, that they build their external Felicity, upon the Embraces of their Sacred Admirers, and lay their Foundation of Hope and Happiness, in being Enroll'd a Servant in their Saint-like Memories. Juvenile Fancies very often shoot at Rovers; yet being once in the Field of Love, Vanquished by the Prospect of some excellent Beauty, they so render themselves Captive to the Circe's Enchantment of partial Complexions, that they will not only Engage their Constancy for the obtaining of the Heart's Desire, but also lay their Lives at stake, and their Fidelities, for the Establishing of their Breast's Satisfaction: As the Sequel of this History will make manifest.

This Flower is never out of Season, Winter nor Summer, and hath this Virtue in it, being distill'd into the Heart, it is a perfect Antidote against Treachery. The Story it self was Penn'd above Forty Years since, by the Author of that excellent Piece, Entituled, God's Revenge
A 4
against

The Epistle to the Reader.

against the Crying Execrable Sin of
Wilful and Premeditated Murder. It
hath had so good a Reception by many, that
it hath undergone Seven Impressions, which
being all wither'd, I have bloomed an Eighth,
though much Alter'd, Amended, and Mo-
delled to the Humour of the Age, and will,
I make no question, render Satisfaction to
the Reader.

S. N.



THE



THE
GARDEN
OF
LOVE
AND
ROYAL FLOWER
OF
FIDELITY.



IN the Thrice Renowned Island
of *Cicilia* (which being situated
in the Center of the *Mediterra-
nean Sea*, is most gallantly em-
bellish'd with the Treasure of
Ceres and *Flores*) before ever the
Pride of tyrannizing *Spain* insulted in those
Quarters, there sometimes reigned a virtuous
and valorous King, nam'd *Druyno*; whose
A 55 Skill

Skill in Martial Affairs, and Knowledge in industrious Sciences, did no less daunt the Courage of his profess'd Enemies abroad, than with Content satisfy the Expectations of his loyal Subjects at home.

Having a long Time liv'd with his beautiful Queen *Gratiana* without Issue, being Daughter to *Polydore*, King of *Barbaria*, had at last in his declining Years, when Reason would have induced Men to believe that his hoary Hairs betoken'd an approaching Death, a gallant Son, to the no little Joy of his aged Father, and no less Rejoycing of his loyal Subjects; who in the Congratulation of the Nativity of their young Prince, so magnificently solemniz'd his Birth with such heroical Triumphs, that all Foreigners being Spectators of their voluntary Grandeur, might justly conclude them to be ravished in an Extasie of Contemplation.

The Prince being to be Baptized with such Magnificence as was agreeable to his royal Extraction, was by his royal Father and Mother nam'd *Thalmeno*; and being nurs'd with Care, and disciplined in martial Exercises, he was at the Age of seven Years grown so great a Proficient in the School of *Bellona*; that all the Astrologers at that Time did perfectly prognosticate, that his princely Person would at the Age of Reason, undoubtedly merit to be triumphantly Crown'd with the Laureat Garland of *Olympian* Fame.

Beautiful he was of Complexion, more exquisitely resembling *Adonis* than *Paris*: Courteous he was of Demeanour; for his Benignity surpassed

surpassed the Affability of *Alexander*; and exceeding Discreet he was of Capacity, for from his eloquent Tongue dropt the enchanted Phrases of admired *Demosthenes*. So that as Nature had surpassed her Skill, in framing him outwardly most excellent, Art likewise had bestow'd her chiefest Curiosity in embellishing his Mind with the Prime of ingenious Industry. *Pallas*, if she had heard this Report, would have prais'd his Perfections: *Juno*, if she had view'd his Person; would have forsaken her *Jupiter*; and the *Syrens* themselves, had they fix'd their Eyes upon his Features, would have withdrawn their Melody from timorous *Ulysses*, and turn'd the Harmony of their Voices to invest only *Thalmeno* their Favourite.

He in the bloomy Spring-time of his tender Juvenility demonstrated so many virtuous Actions of his princely Forwardness, that the King his royal Father, rendred millions of Thanks to the sacred *Jehovah*, for blessing him with so sweet a Son; and his joyful *Cicilians* yielded devout Gratulations to Goddess *Fortune*, for affording them so gallant an Heir to their flourishing Empire. Which heróical young Prince, being the Map of Modesty, the Patron of Piety, and the Flower of Magnanimity, had no sooner heard Time sound the fifteenth Year of his Age, but fixed his Mind upon renowned Travel, and did upon the Rock of his valorous Resolutions, so constantly determine to experiment what the Event of his princely Fortunes might produce, that youthful, yet majestic Desires still kindling within the Embers of his heróical Affection, did at last so flame to the absolute

solute Fire of desperate Determination, that, come Life or Death, *Thalmeno* resolved, and in resolving, vow'd to withstand the Blasts of *Boreas*, and pass the Surges of *Neptune*, the better to adorn the Storehouse of his royal Fancy, with the strange accidental Sights of some foreign Novelties.

But Millions of Doubts began to incumber his aspiring Imaginations; for first, considering, that to depart without Leave were to bereave his Father of his only Comfort; and to forsake *Cicilia*, were to withdraw his Staff of Consolation; which Premises considering, he resolv'd to bury his military Resolutions in the Grave of Oblivion: So that smothering up the submissive Motives of Obedience in the Concave of Self-will, and pricking forward his Senses with the Dignify'd Spurs of Honour, he lastly resolved, that manag'd the effects of Fortune, or the Treachery of Time, very soon to depart.

But this his private Resolution was not so secretly conceal'd, but the News thereof reach'd the Ears of his Cousin *Palmo*, being the only Son to *Blithgora* King of Egypt, who being extraordinarily well pleased with the Report, could reap no perfect Rest, till he had engag'd himself a Participator of his Cousin's adventurous Proceedings: Whereupon finding *Thalmeno* in a desolate Arbour, he very familiarly discovered to him the News he had heard of his design'd Intentions; which *Thalmeno* no sooner understood, but he was overjoy'd that he had found so princely a Partner of his future Fortunes, and to the Purity of his affectionate Entreaty, most soon condescended: So that each taking a Page

with such Necessaries as were befitting their Voyage, they very closely, in a Night, when the Moon being overshadow'd with obscure Clouds, and seem'd to condescend to their Resolutions, most secretly departed, directing their Course to *Trapani*, one of the chiefest Ports in *Cicilia*; where finding an *Argazil* ready to set sail, bound for the Country of *Arabia*, they instantly imbarck'd themselves, rejoicing that *Dame Fortune* had so soon provided them a speedy Passage, without making the King or the Court acquainted with their Pretensions. Soon were these two tender Princes missing, and for their Absence, what sorrowful Mournings, melancholly Aggravations, and distemper'd Dolefulness was in all places, but especially in the Palace-Royal, I refer to the discreet Reader's impartial Censure. And in that respect that our History depends not on their Bewallings, but on the adventurous Proceedings of our bloomy young Princes, I will for a while leave their Sorrows to be comforted by Virtue of Patience, and return again to the Commonwealth of *Neptune*, whereon these our princely Partners sail'd; who appearing upon the Deck, not only reap'd the Pleasure to see the *Armathe* furiously cut the Surges of the Seas, but also enjoy'd the Prerogative of delectable Exhilaration, in beholding the fruitful Gale fairly blow the Swan-like Sails from the tall Mast: Which so long lasted, that in time they were fortunately come within Knowledge of their desired Port, whereat the whole Company, but especially our two young Princes, joyc'd; they forthwith rendred many millions of Thanks to

divine

divine *Jove*, that so favourably had blest them with the wish'd for success: Who seeing their *Argazil* at an Anchor, and having invested themselves with other Garments, did thereupon desire the Master to set them ashore, which immediately was accomplish'd; at whose triumphant Departure the Mariners let fly such a thundring Peal of Ordnance, that the Report thereof rebounding from the Concavity of the clifty Shores, not only made these our valorous Martialists tremble, but also terrify'd *Bellona* herself, being resident in the Citadel of her celestial Monarch; but the smook being Evaporated with the freshness of the furious Wind, our Princes instantly attain the Shore, and royally rewarding the Boatswain's Gang, they betook themselves to their desperate Adventures; where thro' the *African* Desarts, they solitarily so long travell'd, that at last, being destitute of Food, and not finding wherewith to suffice Nature, in respect these Parts were not inhabited, they passionately tracing these unknown Groves, very lamentably began to exclaim upon the inhuman Disasters of their miserable Calamities; but in vain, for they espy'd no Food to replenish their hungry Appetites, unless to have fed upon unknown Roots, which were not agreeable to their Palates; but hoping e're long to harbour themselves in some homely Cottage, where with rustical Fare they might appease their Hunger: Upon the Foundation of which Hope, advancing their Pace, they at last came to the descent of a deep Valley, where, with a faint Courage, very pensively walking, they through a Thicket of an ancient Forest, espy'd the Archi-

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ecture of some Domestical Mansion, which to their sorrowful Contemplations, produc'd unexpected Encouragement; but resuming Courage to themselves, thereunto directed their Course; where, being, to the outward Gate arriv'd, they beheld a famous Castle, but so solitary situated in the Center of the Forest, that the Wind piercing most dolefully through the Branches of the lofty Cedars, made such a mournful Murmur, that the Dolefulness thereof drove our two young Princes into a fit of effeminate Despair; but at last, Hunger so far constrain'd them, they resolv'd to enter; where opening the outward Gate, they pass'd the first Court without espying any; and entring the second, they beheld a delicious Court, most ingeniously pav'd with curious Marble, which very stately was circumferenc'd with a sumptuous arch'd Gallery, prop'd up by Pillars of bright shining Alabaster; casting their Eyes a small distance, they espy'd a Lady, sweet and amiable, who under the shady Leaves of a Fig-tree, sat recreating her Senses with the sweet sound of a well-tun'd Lute, to which she joyn'd her ravishing Voice, and harmoniously breath'd out these sorrowful Verses:

*Ab! gentle Sleep, thou easer of my Woes,
Softly and quickly let my Eyes dispose
Themselves to pleasing Slumbers, that I may,
In Dreams possess those Joys deny'd by Day:
Joys, which if real, were to that degree
So great, were only fit for Gods, not me:
Then since Prince Mædor does no pity take,
Let me but dream, I'd never wish to wake.*

The which, as soon as she had ended, repeating over divers Times the Name of *Mad*, one might easily perceive many Crystal Tears distill down her Vermillion Cheeks, and also hear many deep Sighs which her perplex'd Heart sent forth, as Testimonials of her tormented Passions; and therewithal lifting up her Eyes towards the Seat of her Celestial Maker, being overwhelm'd with too many insupportable Sorrows, she instantly fainting to the Ground, fell into a dangerous Trance. Which tragical Object our two Princes perceiving hastily stept to her Assistance, and raising her from the flowery Bank whereon she fell, they us'd such preservative Means for her Recovery as their unskilful, tho' willing Industry could afford them; so that in Time, by good Fortune she again recover'd; and seeing these two Strangers before her, she was surpriz'd; and having Anger seated on her Brow, utter'd these Words:

Gentlemen, (for so your Aspects invite me to term you) if you knew how divinely quiet I endur'd this deadly Slumber into which I was entred, I absolutely know, or at least believe, that in Equity and Reason, you would have refrain'd from disturbing me and permitted me to reap the Benefit of my Consolation; but since Things past cannot be recall'd, because Accidents once produc'd do soon fly far, having Time's Wings, I will, on Condition you immediately depart for this your first Offence, not esteem you guilty. I have here wholly betaken myself

to Sorrowfulness, and have long since devoted my Zeal to the Shrine of Disconsolation ; my Desire is neither to see nor be seen, but rather to lead the Pilgrimage of my Life from the Sight of any. This solitary Place I have elected for my Habitation ; and here, unless Death prevent my Premeditations, I resolve to wait the return of a dear Friend of mine, which inconstant Fortune many Months hath detain'd from me. I, in reality hate the Sight of any, and for his Sake loath the Prospect of all. Therefore, at the Request of a sorrowful Lady, I beseech you delay not to depart, that according to my accustomed manner, I may sincerely, upon the Altar of his Absence, devoutly sacrifice my affectionate Sighs, in token, that till Death, in the Garden of my Maiden Amity, the semblance of his self, and *Idea* of his Perfections, shall, to my everlasting Comfort, immortally flourish.

The Princes with attentive Ears listned to the Effect of her Speeches, and having both very lowly made their Obeysance, *Thalmeno* address'd himself to her thus :

MAdam, If our sudden Arrival hath prejudic'd your sorrowful Devotions, or detain'd you from performing those Vows to him, who is happier than any of his Fellow-Creatures, in being belov'd by so much Virtue as dwells in you ; we are ready to acknowledge our Defect in being so presumptuous, and express our Sorrow ; but since the Purity of

of our Pretence may plead for the Excuse of
 our Rudeness, and the Innocency of our Resolutions, crave Remission for our Boldness, we doubt not, but when hearing of our sorrowful Relation, you will in Equity afford us your gracious Pardon, and bury all our Offences in the Grave of Oblivion.

To give you an Account, Madam, of our Extraction : We are both Princes, and one, Heir apparent to the Crown of *Egypt*, and the other to the Diadem of *Cicilia*; our Names *Palmo* and *Thalmeno*, who in the Prime of our Minorities, resolv'd to Travel, and so privately embarking ourselves, without leave of our royal Parents, we of late arriv'd in the next bordering Harbour ; since which Time, as faithless and erroneous Fortune guided us, we stray'd into an unknown Desert, where these three Days we have dangerously travell'd, without finding Sustenance to relieve our Hunger ; so that at last, ranging the solitary Forests, we fortunately arriv'd to this your Castle : Our Design, Madam, is not to incur your Indignation, but earnestly to implore your Relief, that in paying the Debt we owe to Nature, we may avoid the tyrannizing Empire of Death, which most inhumanly doth now begin to reign over us ; which if your gentle Pity extends itself so far, we shall continually remain Servants both to your Bounty and Beauty ; and till the Period of Death, hold the Term of our Lives as again repurchased by your majestical Merits, and likewise depart when it shall please you to command us.

The

The Lady pondering upon these deplorable speeches, very soon conceiv'd in her Breast a Motion of Relaxation, secretly inspiring her to entertain them with all agreeable Curiosity: So that taking of them kindly by the Hand, she conducted them to a very sumptuous Dining-room, and commanding her Virgins to furnish the Table with such as her solitary Habitation could afford, they very orderly, without any solemn Ceremonies, fell hungrily to their Meat; all Repast being done, and the Princes satisfied, *Thalmeno* still burning with Desire to know the effectual Cause of this Lady's desolate Retirement, with a princely Grace, continu'd his preceding Discourse.

' Madam, If the Repetition of your Misfortunes renew not your Grief, or the Display of your Sorrows, increase not your Disconsolations, I should esteem it a great Happiness, might I obtain so much Favour at your fair Hands, as to inform us why you make this Desert your domestical Mansion, and the Occasion, why, with numberless Sighs, you repeat the Name of *Mædor*. Indeed, Madam, so much Beauty and divine Perfections should rather besit a Monarch's Court than a rural Habitation, and a Prince's Bed than a Pilgrim's Cottage; but Experience teaches us, that all are subject to Fate, and none exempted from Adversity; for as soon the Prince as the Peasant, the Lady of Honour as the poorest Virgin, are or may be cross'd with *Cupid's* Darts, the Sting of Sorrow, or the Tyranny of Misfortune; therefore, dear Madam, if any

'of

' of these offensive Accidents have befallen you
 ' with the Sovereign Salve of Patience so mollify
 ' fy your Passions, and raze out your Sorrows
 ' that the Residence of Aggravation may not
 ' over-top the Blossoms of your flourishing Ju-
 ' venility, and so tragically bring yourself to
 ' the untimely End of a desperate Martyrdom.

Prince *Thalmeno* having ended his Speech, the
 Lady made him this Answer:

' **M**ost virtuous Prince, I will inform you
 ' that I have long since loved a noble
 ' Cavalier; his Name I shall forbear mention-
 ' ing, by reason the Motive will renew the
 ' Birth of my accusom'd Disconsolateness, yet
 ' in respect you shall not condemn me of per-
 ' verse Ingratitude, I will, if you please to
 ' attend my Arrival, go to my Closet, and
 ' there constrain my trembling Pen to set
 ' forth the Secrets of his Mistress's Sorrows, and
 ' in effect, to discover the sole History of my
 ' as yet, tragical Misfortunes.

Our two young Princes rejoicing at this
 great Favour, accepted of her kind Proffer
 and so having familiarly saluted each other
 she immediately departed to her Closet; but
 by that time an Hour was spent, the Lady
 descending the Stairs, presenting herself to
 their Views, delivered herself in this short
 Speech.

' **M**ost renowned Princes! to satisfy your
 ' earnest Demands, here take this Scroll
 ' wherein

wherein, though rudely, yet sincerely, I have demonstrated the Cause of my Retirement, and penn'd down the Grievs which in Heart I do more than sorrowfully endure. My present Wealth is such, as I cannot afford you many Gifts; yet, as a Testimony of my zealous Affection toward you, take this Provision, and small Sums of worthless Gold to supply your Necessities, when any future Occasion shall present. What incommodious Entertainment you have met withal in this Castle, I pray forger with Favour, or what is wanting of Respect of me, I beseech you remit with Partiality, in recompence whereof, I will sacrifice my devout Prayers for the establishing of your Prosperity, and beseech Heaven to send you a most fortunate and safe Return; in hope whereof, betaking you to your Journey, and myself to my accustomed Cell of Solitariness, I most dolefully, in all Honour, take my sorrowful Leave.

Thalmeno and *Palmo* receiving the Scroll, with Tears in their Eyes, kiss'd her mournful Cheeks, and so rendring her Millions of Thanks for their unmerited courteous Entertainment, most sorrowfully departed, directing their Course to a very high Mountain, whose Top having attained, they burned with desire to peruse the Scroll, that at last, casting themselves on a green Bank, embellish'd with the Essence of many diaper'd Flowers, under the Covert of a stately Pine-tree, whose Branches were likewise apparell'd with a Summer's Vesture; taking

taking the Scroll, and opening it, found the Lines contained in it.

‘ **A**dmired Princes! for your virtuous and
 ‘ roick Qualities, being you have requested
 ‘ my abrupt Muse, to relate to you the Occa-
 ‘ sion of this my solitary Retirement; know
 ‘ valorous Princes, I am *Florina*, the only
 ‘ Daughter of *Agenor*, King of *Numidia*; where
 ‘ attaining to the perfect Age, wherein Nature
 ‘ seems to triumph in the delectable Pleasure
 ‘ of nuptial Ceremonies, I was sought for
 ‘ Marriage by divers Princes, both of *Africa*
 ‘ and *Europe*; whereof, as the King my Father
 ‘ affected some for their private Wealth, so
 ‘ others I hated for their publick Enormities, in
 ‘ such sort, that to be plain, I could not esteem
 ‘ of any with whom I was contented to finish
 ‘ the Remainder of this my terrestrial Pilgrim-
 ‘ mage; by virtue thereof, I some two Years
 ‘ remained without either fixing my Eyes upon
 ‘ the Influence of Love, or ever devoting my
 ‘ Breast to the Shrine of Affection. But at last
 ‘ *Cupid* stormed at my Liberty, and *Venus* at my
 ‘ single Estate, acknowledging that there was
 ‘ no Life but Love, nor no Paradise but the
 ‘ Pleasure of Marriage, they so bent their in-
 ‘ vective Ambition against my Innocency, that
 ‘ at last, by the Means of *Fortune*, which had
 ‘ intruded herself in the Union of their Simp-
 ‘ thy, they unexpectedly, to my Father’s Court
 ‘ sent a lovely young Prince, named *Medon*,
 ‘ being Son and Heir to *Orlando* King of *Bia-
 ‘ fara*, which Prince being penetrated with the
 ‘ Aying Report of my worthless Person, came

to *Numidia*, to protect himself my Servant; upon whose beautiful Aspect I no sooner fix'd my Eyes but I immediately felt the Flames of Fancy sparkle within my tormented Breast. On the other side, Prince *Medor* so often frequented our Royal Palace, that at last, if his Proestations were unfeigned, he reposed his Bliss in my Beauty, and reaped his chiefest Pleasure in enjoying my desired Presence: So that Time did, by reason of many amorous Glances, so firmly unite our Affections with combin'd Ratification, that in few Days, I became Mistress of his Thoughts, and he Master of my Imaginations.

But now despitiful Destiny began to display Part of his Infidelity, for the News of this our late Familiarity being noised throughout the Court, did at last arrive to the King, my Father's Ears, who raging at this unexpected Event, by reason he bore Malice to *Orlando* Prince *Medor*'s Father, resolv'd not only to nip the Blossoms of this our tender Affections in the *April* of their Minority, but also to blast the Buds of our Love in the Spring-time of their Juvenility; in pursuance whereof, sending for Prince *Medor* before him, so check'd him up with thundring Threats, and frown'd at him with invective Speeches, that in short, though Prince *Medor* began with a pithy Oration to plead for himself, and in his Defence to descant upon his unmerited Cruelty, he not only commanded him to Silence, but also charged him to depart the Territories of his Kingdom.

Ah infortunate Sentence for so sweet a Prince! and most infortunate, because, being constrain'd,

ed to depart, he left me desolate in the storm
 Surges of Perplexity ! Then after the King
 Father, had bereaved me of this my Prince
 Lover, within whose Breast I reposed my Ha-
 piness, being not appeased with this Inhum-
 nity, but still severely determining to inve-
 me with the Recognizance of his Wrath, he
 so cruelly used me, and so unnaturally re-
 strained my Liberty, that I could not one Mo-
 nute reap Repose of my Imaginations, but
 continually lived in a most tormented Cal-
 mity ; in respect whereof, sacrificing my
 Oraisons upon the Altar of Prince Medor
 Absence, and devolving my Contemplation
 to the beautiful *Idea* of his Excellencies, ac-
 counting Courtly Joys vain glorious Trifles
 and a princely Life a splendid Misery, in
 Cymmerian Night, which seemed to allow
 of my Resolutions, I departed the Court, and
 betook myself to the establishing of so sorrow-
 ful a Life : So at last, *Fortune* resolving to
 assist me in my Misery, very happily made me
 retire hither ; which solitary Castle doth so
 correspond with my mournful Fancy, that for
 the ardent Affection which I bear Prince Me-
 dor, I firmly resolve either to attend his ex-
 pected Arrival, or else to finish my Days in
 manifestation of my Fidelity. Therefore
 dear Princes, attribute my Disobedience to my
 Parents a favourable Censure, and I resolve
 that what my Pen proscribeth, my Capacity
 shall perform ; that is, immortally to remain
 faithful to Prince Medor, or everlastingly un-
 friendly to myself.

Which

Which Scroll they had no sooner perused, but pitying the Estate of the solitary Lady, they instantly vowed to range the Confines of *Africa*, in re-searching Prince *Medor*, that by their friendly Diligence, *Florina* from her deplorable Condition might be delivered: By Virtue of which infus'd Resolution, raising themselves from the verdent Grass they at last, with familiar Amity, prosecuted their Journey in such a pleasant manner, that *Phæbus* adorning the Day with his radiant Beams, they traversing many lofty Mountains, and pleasant Valleys, at last, towards the Approach of drowsy *Vesper*, arrived to a silver Fountain o'er-veild with a Canopy of a sprouting Cypress, who frizling his curled Locks, took this Crystal Spring to be his reflective Mirrour, whereon with *Narcissus*, delighting to gaze, he continually trimmed himself in his verdant Jollity. Many Angelical Nymphs they likewise saw circumferencing this Fountain in a Dance, who resembling *Daphne*, had their splendent Hair dallying with the Nectar-Breath of amiable *Zephyrus*, being all apparell'd in crimson Robes, embroidered with Lillies and Cowslips; who no sooner beheld our two Chevaliers approaching, but thinking that the Shepherds and Satyrs had sent them as Spies, thereby to intrap them in some traiterous Ambuscado, they forthwith flew through the Tickers, far swifter than ever did *Atalanta*, when she ran with *Hippomenes*: Our Princes seeing this amorous Troop fled, were exceeding sorrowful that their Arrival hindred their Pastimes, so that saluting them with a shrill Hollow, and perceiving none returned,

they instantly fate them down upon the Brim of the Fountain; where gathering many *Daffodillies* and other Flowers, they dipping in the orient Water, therewith besprinkled their Faces to refresh their Spirits; so long, till reflecting their sight upon the Excellency of the neighbouring Pasture, they at last espy'd a verdant Tent, on whose lofty Turret a Snow-white Ensign flourish'd in the Air; whereat admiring, because they could not conjecture what this delightful Object signified, they both very joyful directed their Course thither; which no sooner they approached, but they perceived it to be an *Eglantine Bower*, bespread with *Colombines* and *Damask-Roses*, so that burning with Desire to survey every Part of it, they at last resolutely entered; where a snowy Beagle, with *Argus Eyes*, vigilantly saluted them with his Shrill barking Note, which arowling a Nymph his Mistress from her Repose, at this unexpected Alarm began to tear thro' the Bower.

But *Venus* and *Diana*, having metamorphos'd their fore-past Malice to a future Sympathy, to ordain'd, that her Amber Locks should be entangled in the *Eglantine* Briars; whereat our Princes taking hold of her loose Garments, did, notwithstanding her Force, compel her to stay; but the Nymph thinking them to be *Apollo* and *Jove*, who had descended from Heaven to ravish her Virginity on Earth, bitterly cry'd out, and miserably tore the Tresses of her Hair in a Rage, the which our Princes perceiving, with fair exhortative Speeches began to appease her Aggravation, requesting her only to conduct them to some adjoining Cottage, where for that Night

Night they might assuredly rest in some peaceful
 Tranquility. Whereat this jolly Nymph rai-
 sing herself from the Earth, and returning them
 Millions of Thanks, bedecking her Lilly Coun-
 tenance with a cherry Complexion, very freely
 conducted them through the Woods and Forests,
 where many Troops of light-footed Satyrs ran
 before as triumphant heralds to proclaim them
 passage; so long till radiant *Titan* flying the
 Smith of our Horizon to light the obscure *An-*
nodes, she at last brought us to a sumptuous
 Palace, whose Pyramids and Towers loftily
 resumed to elevate the Tops in the Azure
 skies; the glorious Sight whereof, made them
 conjecture it to be that admired Palace of
Elisia, so much dignified by the Pens of civil
 and prophane Poets; for the Walls were of
 glittering Alabaster: The Gates of Crystal,
 the Pavement of the black Jet, intermix'd with
 our'd Marble, the Battlements of refined Gold,
 the Arches of stately Porphyre, the Windows
 transparent Diamonds, beset with Carbu-
 ncles and Sapphires, and the Roof of Vermillion
 Coral, wrought Checkerwise, with orient
 Shields of Silver: The interior Lineaments
 shew'd nothing in correspondent to the outward
 splendor; for the Portals and Galleries were of
 white Ivory, the Bedsteads of clarent Amber,
 the Coverlids and Curtains of green Damask,
 bossed with Emeralds and Chrysolytes, and
 the Tapestry of Crimson Velvet embroider'd
 with Amethysts and Pearl: In the spacious
 pure and delicious Bowers which *Flora* had
 adorn'd with the Treasures of her painted Dra-
 gons were likewise many curious Fountains,

some convey'd thither by the instinct of Nature, and others they erected by the ingenuity of Art. There you might have seen *Diana* rais'd aloft upon a stately Pillar, with a Bow in one Hand, and a Banner, wherein was character'd *Chastity* in the other; from whose Alabaster Paps the Water sweet distilling, was by her Nymphs in crystal Vessels receiv'd, and so artificially convey'd to the Fountain's Center: And also another, where *Pallas*, *Minerva*, and *Juno*, do from their beauteous Breasts rain Veins of Water upon the Faces of *Daphne* and *Philomela*; the which entring their Coral Lips, do distill to the Concavity of their Chrystalline Paps, from whence with a stern Countenance they furiously spout it in the Eyes of inhumane *Jupiter*, and lustful *Toreus*: Also upon the Borders of these Fountains are growing many fruitful Fig-Trees, whereon artificially range divers harmonious Birds, whose celestial Musick, according with the Waters murmur, doth yield forth many ravishing Tunes of Angelical Melody; so that there wanted no Ornaments to make this sumptuous Palace a terrestrial Paradise: It was impaled with lofty Cedars, fenced Draw-bridges, and impregnable Bulwarks, as also circumferenced with curious Rivers, within whose silver Streams many snowy Swans most pleasantly imbarhed themselves; so that our two Princes with their Nymph, being arrived to this dignified Palace, were forthwith met by an ancient Matron, who seeming to be the Lady thereof, very kindly bad them Welcome. Her Habit of a Sable Hue, having her snowy Hair hanging down her Face, her Beauty seem'd

Na- to be nipt by Age ; yet in the Lineaments of
entui- Complexion lay furrowed the Anatomy of an
Dian- indifferent Countenance : The Arches of her
w in- sorrowful Eyes were over-veil'd with a crimson
cha- Dye, from out whose Conduits it appear'd many
Ala- brinish Tears had had their Issue, which desolate
was- Lady, after having had some Conference with
and- these our unknown Princes, and perceiving how
ter- the Zeal of their youthful Resolutions were de-
and- voted to Travel, she with a faint Voice de-
rain- liver'd herself.

Lips- **C**ourteous Friends, for such I hope you are,
lline- fear not to enter this Palace, but advance
ance- with Freedom ; for your Eyes shall be pre-
mane- sented with such delightful Objects, as shall
Bor- both please your Thoughts, and solace your
ruit- Contemplations.

dis- Whereat she abruptly broke off, and so as
sick- fast as she could, fled to the Forests. Our Prin-
ield- ces seeing the sudden Departure of this ancient
delo- Lady, exceedingly admired what this unlook'd
s to- for Novelty meant ; but at last arming their
para- Resolutions, with Courage, as also seeing the
nced- sible Night begin to o'er-veil the Element
s, as- with Obscurity, taking leave of their Nymph,
with- they boldly entred, where no sooner they had
most- past the outward Gate, but they were forthwith
our- met by two glorious Virgins, who saluting
ived- them with a smiling Countenance, arm in arm
t by- most lovingly conducted them to a stately Thea-
La- tre, where they beheld many amorous Ladies
me- and Cavaliers circumferencing themselves in a
ow- Dance : Having for a while fill'd their Eyes,
em- they

they then by the Ladies were conducted to a very rich Bed-Chamber, where divers frolick some Sparks were unchastly courting their beautiful Mistresses, and in such an indecent manner that *Vesta*, nay, *Venus* herself, could scarce refrain from blushing at their immoderate Familiarity. Being glutted with variety of unchast Prospects, they were at last, by many radiant Tapers lighted to their Chambers; where, to pass away the tediousness of the Night, two lascivious Ladies were proffer'd to bear them Company; but our young Princes, altho' ardently tempted with carnal Enchantments, had their immoveable Resolution character'd upon Honour's Foundation, and not accepting of this unexpected Civility, very virtuously craved their Absence; when thinking to repose themselves, they were instantly again solicited by two tender Virgins, who bringing two Ivory Lutes in their Hands, with their melodious Musick, thought to lull their Premeditations asleep; their Breasts were nakedly unmask'd to the Spectator's Eye, where one might apparently behold their Alabaster Paps swell and sink at an Instant, as being inspired with the luxurious Wind of unsatiable Desire. Immodest Smiles they had at command, and with the *Hyæna* their Eyes darted forth a prejudicial Summons; their Garments were both gay and loose, in all fitly corresponding with their inward Qualities; and their glittering Locks most viciously sported with their Chrystal Complexions, as the amiable Fetters of Lust to enchant the Approache's.

But neither their syren deceitful Melody, their venomous Glances, nor their alluring lascivious Gestures,

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Gestures, could either with *Circe*, charm the Genius of our Princes, or else, with *Medea*, enchant their Generosity to range beyond the Bounds of Modesty; but like two religious Pilgrims, they valorously fought against vicious Concupiscence, and ardently devoted their Zeal to the Shrine of Virtue: So that not regarding their Smiles, nor esteeming of their Temptations, they resolutely thrust them out of their Chamber, and so securely locking and bolting the Door, betook themselves to rest.

But *Morpheus* had not long detained their Spirits in delicious slumber, but having contracted his Influence with the instinct of Celestial Deity, they were in the depth of their Nocturnal Sleep aroused by a hideous Clamour, which rattled in the Palace with such a thundring Noise, as if the Fabrick, nay, Foundation thereof were subject to a sudden Revolution; grievous Groans were plenty, Cries were common, and all diverted to such a tempestuous confused *Chaos*, as if the *Atlas* of the World had in the vivacity of his Fury summoned the Confines of the Earth to the dreadful Day of Judgment: Whereat our two young Princes, as having their obtuse Senses repleted with Fear, and their Heroical Fortitude daunted with Pusillanimity, instantly left their Beds, as if they had been transcending to the infernal Concavity of obscure *Acheron*; thinking that their Glass of Life was already run, and that inhumane *Thanatos* had now taken his tyrannical Darts in's Hand to finish the Period of Terrestrial Catastrophes. But, whilst being thus in the supposed way to Destruction, behold there

instantly appeared to them a delectable Dwarf, apparell'd in Crimson, which to evaporate their timorous Despair, with an angelical Voice pronounceth these Lines.

*Fly Vice, fly Sin, fly earthly Vanity,
And with a Martial Courage Fear displace;
Detract no Time, but with Celerity,
Come, view the Beauty of Dame Virtue's Face.*

Our Princes seeing this pretty Pigmy, and with advised Deliberation pondering upon the Etymology of his Speeches, could not at first refrain from being astonished; but at last ruminating more seriously which way to elect for their Security, they both at last resolv'd to follow the tender Guide, thereby to free themselves from the Peril of this Stratagem: Upon which Resolution arming their Courage with Magnanimity, they, as having *Pegasus* Wings, flew thro' the Courts. directing their Pace to a lofty Mountain, from whence they espied this glorious Palace to be suddenly swallow'd up in the Earth's Concavity, and in such an admired manner, that no appearance of Foundation remain'd, but was utterly raz'd out, as if the Being thereof had never been there erected: Which prospective Accident our Princes could not at first believe, but instantly thereupon surmis'd that their Eyes and Imaginations had been deluded with Invasions. The Dwarf perceiving their doubtful Perplexities, ran away from them and to comfort their Passions, the old forlorn Lady which they first met, again presented herself to their Views; and so, after having lowly

saluted

saluted them, very mournfully uttered this Speech.

‘ **MY** Sons, *says she*, my Name is *Virtue*, who
‘ of my own Authority have invented this
‘ **Tragedy** for your Advantage; the glorious
‘ Mansion which you have seen destroyed, was
‘ the Palace of the Folly, wherein only re-
‘ mained the Imps of luxurious Iniquity; who
‘ pampering up lustful *Cytherea*, were always
‘ Persecutors of chaste *Diana*; my Society they
‘ ever disdained, and contumeliously smother’d
‘ my Temples with the Contagious Incest of De-
‘ bauchery; amongst which diabolical Regi-
‘ ment *Perjury* was familiar, *Swearing* no Sin,
‘ *Pride* a Pearl, *Lust* a Lord, *Ambition* a Saint,
‘ and *Treachery* a Goddess; but now, my Sons,
‘ their immoderate Pride is past, their unchast
‘ Desires extenuated, their fanatical Oaths
‘ drowned, their aspiring Ambition evapora-
‘ red, their graceless Treachery abolish’d, nay,
‘ and all their obscene Actions with themselves,
‘ utterly destroy’d, and furiously sent to the in-
‘ fernal Pit of everlasting Perdition; therefore
‘ beware by their subtle Devices, and let the
‘ Mirror of their Misfortunes serve as an In-
‘ stance to impale you within the Circumfe-
‘ rence of Piety; and to the end, that being ab-
‘ sent, you may still ponder and premeditate up-
‘ on Exhortations; here take this Paper, and
‘ observe such divine Counsel as I have therein
‘ prescribed.

Which having said, she in the twinkling of
an Eye elevated herself in the Air, and so a

Cloud o'ervelling her in the Cinſure of his Embracements, ſhe immediately vaniſhed.

Our Princes aſtoniſhed hereat, took up the Paper, and opening it, found theſe Rules contained in it.

1. **B**uild the Foundation of thy Faith upon Purity and Piety, that thy Zeal be not eclipsed with the Contagion of Idolatry, but rather perfumed with the ſweet Incenſe of Sincerity.

2. Let devout Prayers be a Mediatrix between Heaven and thyſelf: For it is the moſt aſſured Step to obtain Felicity,

3. Conceal thy Secrets in the Cloſet of thy Breſt, leſt raſhly diſplaying them to others, thou produce the Prejudice of thine own Tranquility,

4. Fly Ambition, as the Poiſon of the Senſe; and deteſt Envy, as the Canker of thy Contemplations.

5. Gaze not on Beauty, leſt it ingender Repentance; but loath a laſcivious Courtezan, as the Scourge of Iniquity.

6. In thy Actions be faithful; leſt being ble-miſh'd with Reproach, thou impair thy Reputation.

7. Honour thy Prince as God's Anointed; and if Occaſion preſent, live and die for thy Country.

8. Deteſt vain glory, as the Venom of Sin, and aboliſh Superſtition as the Cloak of Ungodlineſs.

Which having read, and knowing the ſacred Influence thereof tended to the eſtabliſhing of their Celeſtial Tranquility, they ſo imprinted it in their Memories, as it futurely ſhould ſerve for a fenced Circumference, to retain them within the Conſines of Piety; ſo as triumphing that

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Fortune had presented them with so sacred an Instance, they very joyfully departed. But when *Aurora*, the Daughter of *Thetis*, had no sooner skipp'd from the Bowers of *Neptune*, and saluted the Excellency of transplendent *Phæbus*, but our Princes afresh prepared themselves for their Journey: When early in the purpled Morn, when the radiant *Titan* begins to give his Welcome to the verdant Mountains; the Satyrs Fawns, and Nymphs danced thro' the Forests, and doleful *Philomela* warbled forth her Tragedy; they were by a soft Wind, which caus'd the tender Leaves to quaver, made acquainted with the pleasant sound of a ravish'd Cornet; the delicious tripple Echo whereof, redoubling through the thickness of a curled Grove, there next adjoyning, gave such a graceful Harmony to the aforesaid Melody, that our Princes were perforce constrain'd to find out the said unknown excellent *Orpheus*, to the end he might for a while recreate their distemper'd Senses, with the rare exquisiteness of his praise-worthy Art: And so directing their Courses by their attentive Ear, they at last arrived to the Prospect of a fair Valley, in the midst thereof ran most leisurely a silver Stream, whose Banks in equal distance were beset with fruitful Limon Trees; on the Branches whereof, they might afar off espy the yellow Citrons naturally growing: Which delightful pleasant Prospect so well contented their youthful Imaginations, they bent their Course directly to the said Arboury; where entring, they espied this famous Musician, a beautiful young Boy, apparell'd in white, and crowned with a Laurel Garland, and set upon a

flow'ry

flow'ry Bank, close by the River's side, unto whose Melody most attentively list'ning, they at last in a fragrant Bower of *Eglantine*, espied an aged Father, which as it seem'd by the Furrows of his Face, had in his tender Years endured many distastful Calamities; his Habit was of black Sable, which reaching not so low as his Knees, was about his Waist begirt with a Willow Striple; his Visage was pale and wan, and his snowy Beard descended almost to his sorrowful Middle; in his Hand he held a Brazeil Staff, which was the feeble Supporter of his withered Age; and before him, on a Table of Swanlike Alabaster, lay open *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholly*, gilded and extraordinary Beautiful, whereon in Reading, he solitarily busied the *Chimera* of his tormented Brain; which Prospect as soon as our Princes espied, being transported with Desire to know the Cause of his disconsolate Retirement, they boldly entred: Where interrupting him from his earnest Study, Prince *Pálmo* address'd himself to him as followeth.

‘ **M**OST Venerable Father, if our audacious
 ‘ Arrival have disturbed your Study, or
 ‘ our Presence your Patience; we beseech you
 ‘ to pardon the First, though a rash Attempt;
 ‘ and excuse the Second, as being an unwilling
 ‘ Enterprize. Travellers Ears are, you know,
 ‘ Lovers of Novelties, and are as earnest in satisfying their Curiosity, as the *Antipodes* is of the Sun's Brightness, therefore, Reverend Sir,
 ‘ we earnestly beseech you, to relate to us the
 ‘ Occasion of this solitary Retirement, and the
 ‘ Motive

unto they spied Fur- s en- labit low th a van, his Bra- of ble na- ary rily in; ed, the ld- his self
Motive which induced you to Embrace this austere Life; and also to afford us so much Favour, as we may under the Support of your Goodness, erect our Residence, for a while; and so avoiding the scandalous Imputation of Vagabonds, betake our Resolutions to the obtaining of peaceful Tranquility.

The ancient Father perceiving by his Speeches, that he had been train'd up in the School of Virtue; and also judged by their Physiognomy they were from some noble Extraction, very freely, but with a Gravity which seem'd to embellish his Speeches, return'd them this friendly Reply.

Gentlemen, your Arrival hath neither disturbed my Study, nor your Presence prejudiced my Patience; for as my Nature is not attractive to Severity on the one side; so on the contrary, I make use of the other at leisure; therefore to my sorrowful Cell you are both very welcome; and in respect a friendly Demand deserveth a familiar Reply. know Gentlemen, that the Bower which I have here caused to be crested within the Incircumlets of this fruitful Grove, I make my retiring Place, when passionate Fancies begin to surround my distemper'd Senses. This Boy being an Orphan, for Charities sake I have caused to be instructed in shrill Musick, to the End that when my Eyes dazle with over-much Reading, he may with his loud Melody arouse my Spirits from the Thoughts of Slumber, and so put me in Mind of my accustomed Duty,

' Duty, which in Heart I immortally owe to
 ' the sorrowful Shrine of my dead Saint, which
 ' whilst she liv'd, I affected more dearly than
 ' myself; and being now dead, will honour
 ' with such ardent Fidelity, that futures Ages
 ' shall have meritorious Instance, to Acknow-
 ' ledge, that till Death, and after, to my fair
 ' *Excellina* I remain'd compleatly constant.

' Ah sweet *Excellina*! which sacred Name
 ' when I repeat, enforceth my Cordial Blood
 ' to distill from my sorrowful Heart, and also
 ' my brinish Tears to descend my penitent
 ' Cheeks; She! oh she! was the only Daugh-
 ' ter of a valorous Knight, whom I long court-
 ' ed with unfeigned Love, and at last having re-
 ' ceived many bitter Repulses, obtain'd the En-
 ' joyance of her gracious Affection; whereof
 ' her Shrewish Step-mother being by Misfortune
 ' throughly advertised, as one that rather sought
 ' her Ruin than Advancement, she so severely
 ' watched her, and most inhumanly used her,
 ' that her Father being absent in a far Journey,
 ' she most tyrannously immur'd her up in a Ves-
 ' tal Dungeon; where seeing she could by no
 ' Means obtain a Sight of me, in bitter Anguish,
 ' bidding the World, but most chiefly me, Fare-
 ' well! Most dolefully yielded Nature her due;
 ' in remembrance of whom, at the end of this
 ' Grove, in a fragrant Valley, I have, as Duty
 ' and Love prompted me, erected a Tomb,
 ' whereunto, till the Period of my Days, I have
 ' vowed daily to offer her not only my devout
 ' Oraisons, that I may quickly follow her, but
 ' also my throbbing Sighs, as repentant wit-
 ' nesses of my Calamity: Therefore Gentlemen,

if you please to afford so much Time to walk thither, your Eyes may be Spectators of that which I have with Grief and Aggravation discover'd to you, and after give you such Instructions in your Travels, that doubtless, if the Celestial Influence cross not your Fortunes, you shall find them very profitable to you, and in your Adventures no way prejudicial.

The two Princes returning him Thanks for his proffer'd Civilities, very willingly to his Demand, soon condescended, and so walking through Ranks of lofty Cedars, which with their verdant Branches beautify'd the adjoyning silver Stream, they at last arriv'd to a sacred Chappel, which with Alabaster Walls circumferenc'd that glorious Tomb; where entred. they espy'd it so adorn'd with munificent curious Wormanship, that the view thereof drove them speedily to approach near to it, where they beheld the Body of it to be of Dove-white Ivory, whose Cover being of radiant Jet, and upon it the Picture of *Excellina* in Crimson colours, most ingeniously Portrayed, and under her Feet, in Characters of Gold, enamell'd with Azure, this Epitaph;

*Within this Ivory Tomb doth lye
The Phoenix of pure Modesty,
Sweet Excelline ! whose Beauty rare
With Helen's Fame may well compare :
Nay, Helen's Fame surpassing sure,
Which did the Grecians Love procure ;
Being in Jove's imperial fight
A Nymph excelling Juno bright :*

*Cut off by fatal Sisters Three,
 In confidence of Love's plaudite.
 Therefore if any pass this way,
 And with penitential Tears do pray,
 That she may in the Elizian Plain
 Until Eternity remain ;
 Still Crown'd with Hearts delicious Joy,
 And freed from Rage of dire annoy.*

Which Epitaph they having no sooner read, as also renewing the Tomb and her Effigies, they véry sorrowful departed to find out the ancient Mourner, who purposely attending their coming, took them by the Hand, the Tears appearing in his Eyes, with some faltring in his Speech, he continued his Discourse.

' Ah Gentlemen! my Grief is such, that I
 ' loath my Life ; and were it not too offensive
 ' to my Soul, I could willingly be instrumental
 ' to my own untimely Martyrdom, but alas
 ' I know that that would be a Sacrifice too abo-
 ' minable in the sight of Heaven ; which is the
 ' only Rein that withdraws me from executing
 ' my Resolutions : For though I live, I live dis-
 ' contented, and by my Death my Grief would
 ' enjoy a Period, should I, the most miserable
 ' of all Mankind, be the Occasion of so much
 ' Virtue's Destruction ? Or, by my means
 ' should so noble a Virgin be deprived of her
 ' future Felicity ; no *Delmon*, resolve not to live,
 ' but die in memory of her Martyrdom ; for so
 ' shall thy Aggravations end, and thy everlasting
 ' Joys commence.

Our two Princes, seeing him launch out so in the diversity of amorous Sorrow, thought requisite to recal him from his passionate madness; and interrupted him, *Thalmeno* began followeth.

' Venerable Sir, I should think the Effects of amorous Contemplation should be now, through Age, purg'd from your Memory, and the remembrance of past Pleasures dry'd up in Oblivion; for it is not for you who are ready to salute the Grave, to sacrifice Sighs to *Cupid*; but rather for Juvenile Blood to fight under the Banner of Beauty. Remember therefore with yourself, that *Venus* by *Apelles's* Boy was painted with fresh Colours, and not with a wither'd Visage; and though *Vulcan* offer'd to the Shrine of *Juno*, yet he at last acknowledg'd his Fault, and was for his Simplicity laugh'd at by *Jupiter*: Therefore Sir, consider now with your self, that that fair *Excelline* whom you ador'd, is now extinct, and cannot now by any mortal Means be again revived; in respect whereof, pray dry up those Tears, and forget any more to devote your Orisons to the Image of *Cytherea*; Thus fighting against Concupiscence, your Actions may approve you to be unspotted for the Celestial Regions, and while tracing on this earthly Vale of Misery, to observe a blissful Gracefulness of aged Staidness.

Delmon perceiving he was answer'd somewhat roundly, instantly wept afresh, because their exhortive Speeches touch'd him to the quick: But

But at last comforting his sorrowful Muse with
 Patience, he with his Tears requested them
 enter his Cell, and to accept of such home
 Fare as his Poverty could afford, where
 they willingly agreed; and so deluding the time
 with a familiar Conference, they a long time
 solaced themselves in amorous Prattle, till
 last repast being ended, and the Princes ready
 to depart, *Belmont*, with as much Freedom as
 Passion would permit, at their Farewel gave
 them these Instructions.

Heroick Gentlemen, seeing your Resolu-
 tions are bent to Travel, I shall inform you
 that some Leagues from hence in the King-
 dom of *Zanzara*, reigns the famous *Brilliant*
 whose Virgine doth no less rejoyce his Subjects
 than his Valour doth daunt his Enemies
 rewarding each according to his Merits, and
 retaining no Honour from those who demon-
 strate their Actions to be desolate Magnani-
 mous; so that for Wisdom he may well be
 esteem'd a *Solomon*; for Majesty a *Cesar*; for
 Prowess a *Scipio*; and for Benignity an *Alex-
 ander*: His Court may also be term'd the
 Rendezvous of the Flower of Chivalry; for
 there are always resident abundance of Cava-
 liers; which as they esteem Discretion a chief
 Point of Valour, so they are no ways back-
 ward to adventure their Lives for the esta-
 blishing of their Fame; their Senators like-
 wise are both grave, politick and provident
 which from the Sincerity of their Contempla-
 tions, account Ambition a heinous Crime, and
 Treachery a deadly Sin. The Pastors also

are both zealous and venturous, admonishing their Flocks, not like *Baal's* Priests, to place their Religion upon diabolical Idolatry, but to ground their Zeal upon that Celestial Temple, whose Foundation and Pavement, is Faith and Purity; whose Doors and Arches, Devotion and Amity; whose Pillars and Windows, Piety and Sincerity; whose Galleries and Towers are Glorification and Humility: their Ladies and Damsels are likewise both gracious and fair, and generally so chaste, as if *Diana* and Nature had adorn'd them with with the Pride of their Excellency; being of Gesture, modest of Capacity, quick of Quality, kind, and of Behaviour, courteous.

' Therefore, Gentlemen, if you direct your Course thither, you shall generally see each live by the fertileness of his own Land, each reap the Fruit of his own Vine, and content sit smiling in every Corner: There may you behold the fragrant Fields, adorn'd with their verdant Vestures, the lofty Trees with their gay Garments, and the delicious Arbours with their diaper'd Treasure of *Flora*; as also the Mountains o'er-veil'd with snow-white Flocks, their Meadows with the Riches of *Ceres*, and their Vallies with Daffadils and prime Flowers. In their Parks you may see Regiments of Fallow Deer running untaken; and in their Forests you may behold Troops of Nymphs trace unravish'd; and to be brief, on every Bush harmonious Birds warbling forth their Melody.

Thalmeno

Thalmeno and *Palmo* perceiving that *Delmo* had finish'd his Speech, being transported with the Report of so flourishing a Kingdom, giving him thanks for their kind Entertainment, and for his virtuous Exhortations, very joyfully departed: where travelling a long Time through unknown Countries, they at last very fortunately arriv'd at the chiefest City of *Zanfara*, where the Court then was; and taking up their Lodging in the best Inn which the City did afford, they there some Days rested, to refresh themselves of their forepast troublesome Travels, and after having, as was requisite, given Almighty *Jove* most humble Thanks for their safe Arrival, they betook themselves to their private Parley, where *Thalmeno* began as follows.

' Dear Cousin, We are now in a Kingdom far from our Native Country; and therefore it behoves us to settle our Proceedings upon the main of some Resolution, to the end we may futurely avoid the Receipt of ensuing Misfortunes, therefore understanding that the King exceedingly delighteth in Heroical Virtues, it were not in my Opinion unfit to betake ourselves under the Umbrage of his Service, where cherishing our valorous Magnanimity, we may produce the Demonstrations of dignify'd Princely Atchievements, whose effectual Apparitions in the Eyes of all Spectators may justly purchase us the Title of gallant Admirations.

Prince *Palmo* hearing *Thalmeno* utter this Resolution, very instantly returned him this Answer.

' Most

' Most affectionate Cousin, I agree to what you are pleased to determine ; therefore let us set apart all Delays, and proffer our selves to the King's Service ; this Day I understand he hunts in a Forest near adjoining the Court ; where if you please, we may present him with a submissive Supplication, thereby to intrude ourselves within his Princely Service ; but let our Names be obscured under the Cloud of Secrecy ; so that *Thalmeno* may be termed *Thalmo* ; and my Name of *Palmo* changed to *Plivio* ; justifying ourselves to be Knights of *Arabia*.

This pleasant Invention was well liked of by *Thalmeno*, so solacing their Fancy, they forthwith indicted this Supplication, which by a young Knight, they sent to the King's Majesty, the Tenour whereof follows.

To the most Puissant, Famous and Flourishing
Prince Brilion, King of Zanzara.

Royal Sir,

YOur magnanimous Fame by the Herald of Report, has arriv'd to many Cavaliers understanding, in such a Degree, that they not only admire at your Princely Valour, but likewise wonder at your virtuous Animosity ; so as their Thoughts burning with desire to be made Possessors of your gracious Presence, and their Resolutions flaming with applause to be Spectators of your Heroical Actions ; they have upon the Altar of Fame, long since devoted their Resolutions to direct their Course

! to

' to your Country ; amongst whom, we Thalmo
 ' mo and Plivio, two Knights of Arabia, our
 ' Capacities being penetrated with the Reports
 ' of your Affability, have undertaken this
 ' Journey, to be made Spectators of your re-
 ' nown'd Personage ; so that being arriv'd at
 ' your flourishing Palace, we most humbly be-
 ' seech you to accept of us into your dignify'd
 ' Service ; assuring you that our Valour and
 ' Fidelity shall be such, as shall testify our Re-
 ' solutions to take their Offspring from Magna-
 ' nimity : So imploring your Majesty to ad-
 ' mit us into your Royal Service, and to ho-
 ' nour us with that Title to be invested your
 ' Servants, we in all Humility prostrating our
 ' Lives to your gracious Command, remain,

Your Majesty's most devoted Vassals,

Thalmo and Plivio

The Supplication was no sooner presented
 to the King, but forthwith he commanded the
 two foreign Knights to be admitted into his
 presence, where saluting them in such a manner
 equivalent to his Royalty, he very courteously
 accepted of their voluntary Service ; which fa-
 mous Acceptance adding a plausible hope to
 our Prince's Expectations, made them con-
 jecture, they were now mounting the Steps of
 Honour : But to conclude, their valorous Ac-
 tions, virtuous Demeanour, gallant Comport-
 ment, heroical Courteousness, and princely
 Gravity, did so conquer the Affections, not on-
 ly of the King, but of the Nobility and Gen-
 try

likewise; that in a manner all the Island of *Alia* esteem'd them worthy the Prize of *Empian* Victory; which by often Demonstrations of their Gallantry, did so gain the King's favour, that he prefer'd them both, and appointed *Thalmo* to attend on the Princess *Athelia* Daughter; and establish'd *Plivio* to be Governor of *Ithaca* Castle, wherein the fair Princess *Merfilva*, Daughter unto *Samor*, King of *Emia*, was retain'd Prisoner; but leaving *Plivio* and the Princess *Merfilva*, to Fortune's protection, we will for a while discourse of *Thalmo* and the fair *Athelia*.

In a pleasant Morn, before the Pearled Dew exhal'd by the shining Rays of Golden *Auribus*, when the fragrant Flowers were displaying the pride of their beauty, and the melodious Birds on the swelling Bushes, straining with their Melody, it chanc'd that *Thalmo*, being captivated with the Beauty of *Athelia*, his Princess, betook himself into the Fields, as well to refresh his tormented Mind, as to make the wry Meadows acquainted with his amorousancies; when directing his pensive Course to the verdant Forests, he at last arriv'd to a spacious Beach-tree, whose Branches expelling the heats of *Titan*, made a compleat shade for all Passengers to repose themselves: which pleasant Umbrage corresponding with *Thalmo's* passions, he cast himself down on a Bank of flowers, and with an ardent Affection repeated these Verses.

WE to all conqu'ring Beauty bow,
 its pleasing Powers admire;
 But I ne'er saw that Face till now
 that like hers could inspire:
 Now I may say I have met with one,
 amazes all Mankind;
 And like Men gazing on the Sun,
 with too much Light am blind.

Soft as the tender moving Sighs,
 When longing Lovers meet;
 Like the divining Prophet's Wife,
 and like blown Roses sweet:
 Majestick, gay, reserv'd, yet free,
 each happy Night a Bride;
 A Mien like awful Majesty,
 and yet no spark of Pride.

The Patriarch to gain a Wife,
 chaste, beautiful and young,
 Serv'd fourteen years a painful Life,
 and never thought it long:
 Ah! were she to reward such care,
 and Life so long should stay,
 Not Fourteen, but Four Hundred Years,
 would seem but as one Day.

Having thus vented his Passions, and made
 the Forests acquainted with the *Preludium* of
 his Malady, he forthwith, as being submerg'd
 with the variety of amorous Contemplation
 resolv'd to return: But Fortune willing to
 smooth up his Fancies in an Extasie of Con-
 tentation, so ordained, that her illustrious
 High

ess the Princess *Athelia* with her Troop of Ladies, should travel that way: Glad at this heavenly Opportunity, blushing a little because the Celestial Object created in him those Raptures; but elevating his Resolutions upon the Wing of Honour, and investing his Courage with the Consideration of Magnanimity, he audaciously determined to present her with the Idea of his Affection; by virtue whereof, at last finding her sequestred from her attendant Ladies, and resident within a Myrtle Bower, in the midst whereof she gazed on a Silver Fountain, there convey'd by Dame Nature; he casting aside all Effeminateness, took this Opportunity of addressing himself to her; after those Ceremonies due to her royal Person were ended, he began as followeth.

ROyal Madam, when by the Aid of Fortune I espy'd so much Beauty, I immediately felt my tender Breast to be inspir'd with the endurance of a Lover's Passion, and to such a Degree, that these Eyes ever since conceiving their chiefest Contentation at so divine an Object, hath so firmly sworn my Fidelity to the Celestial Service of your super-excellent Deity, that I utterly abandon the Contemplation of all others, and sincerely betake my inward Devotions to the Shrine of your Perfections: At the Appearance of so much brightness, my Senses were so much captivated, that, Madam, all that I am capable of, is only to admire you; my Birth is such that if known to you, perhaps might create in you a rendrance of Accomplishment to my Breast's Expectation; upon which I

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: will

will not now descant, because the Motive thereof shall not move you to term me by the Phrase of a peevish Insinuator ; but, dear Madam, if my Sighs might disclose, my Tears explain, or my Passions discover, with what a zealous Flame of affectionate Love my Heart possesses in resemblance of your sacred Idea, I not only think, but resolve that your gracious self would at the first Report, not only recompence my Desert with the Reward of my Merits, but also repay my Fidelity with the remuneration of your Affection ; whereof till the Gods shall by Inspiration partly advertise you, I will till the Period of my limited Pilgrimage, remain as constant to the fair Princess *Atbelia*, as I wish she should be affable to perplex'd

Thalmo.

The Princess over-veiling her Lilly-Cheeks, with a crimson Die, on a sudden as much blush'd as *Diana* when she espied unlook'd for *Aëxon* ; and so metamorphosing her pleasant Physiognomy to a melancholy Complexion (being altogether unacquainted with such amorous Encounters) bending her Brows, within the Furrows of whose Lineaments Anger sat triumphant, she very sharply return'd him this Answer.

WHY *Thalmo*, said she, hath my too much Kindness made thee so Arrogant, or my undeserv'd Favour so Presumptuous, that thou now giv'st Wing to thy Tongue, to run absolutely so lavish ? Hath my Affableness emboldned thee to aspire so high, as to declare thy

thy Affection to one so much thy Superiour?
 Hath Idleness in my Service taught thee to
 adorn thy Tongue with Flattery? And is
 there no Object for thee to aim at, but me?
 Ah! fond *Thalm*, and therefore fond, be-
 cause posselt with a peevish Fancy: As thou
 deridest my Beauty, I will laugh at thy Fol-
 ly; and in accounting me fair, I will esteem
 thee Frivolous. For thy Birth, know, I dis-
 dain it as nothing, and thy self as less: If
 thou hast sacrific'd Sighs, or shed Tears for my
 Sake, why expect a Recompence where
 there is no Satisfaction to be made; and
 hereafter, be wiser to engender a Conception
 of the like Simplicity. To be brief, refrain
 from prosecuting thy audacious Folly, or
 else I will use such means that the King, my
 Father, shall qualifie your Courage, by nip-
 ping the Blossoms of your flourishing Estate.

This thundring Answer proceeding from a
 Princess's Mouth, might doubtless have made
 many fresh-water Soldiers retire for Fear; but
 our valorous *Thalmo* disdaining to quit the Siege
 for the first Repulse; repairing his Sense, and
 furnishing his Muse with a fresh Supply, very
 boldly continu'd his Combat as followeth.

Madam, if your Royal Highness conje-
 ctures, that in discovering my Affections I
 flatter your Merits with a shew of Derision,
 you greatly wrong my Honour, in respect
 my Inclination was never attractive to so base
 an Enormity; for what I protest in words,
 my effects shall manifest to be of Truth, a-
 gainst the proudest Champion which durst

32 *The Garden of Love, and*
‘ undertake to maintain the contrary : There-
‘ fore, Dear Madam, let not an unconstant
‘ Thought, so obscure your Virgin’s Breast,
‘ that for my faithful Affection you term me
‘ an ungrateful Servant ; for if the Flower of
‘ my Affections was predestinated for yourself
‘ alone, disdain not him, Madam, who in
‘ Heart hath long since vow’d to adore you,
‘ and to whom he dedicates his whole Devota-
‘ tions ; therefore reward not that Passion
‘ with Scorns, whose Greatness you cannot
‘ doubt, but kindly receive from me so pure
‘ a Flame of Love, which is for ever constant.

‘ *Thalmo*, said she, if thy Affection were
‘ equal to the tenor of thy Speeches, methinks
‘ you should at my Request bury the Repeti-
‘ tion thereof in the Grave of Silence, and not
‘ so audaciously be guilty of so great a Pre-
‘ sumption ; if thy Phrase of Glozing was so
‘ unfeigned as thou demonstratest, or thy
‘ lovely Passions perfect Messengers of a Sacred
‘ Constancy, yet my Resolutions can never be
‘ diverted from reaping the Enjoyment of a
‘ single Life, which I have already upon the
‘ Altar of *Vesta* impos’d ; my Desires rather ho-
‘ nour the Image of chaste *Diana*, than adore
‘ the Shrine of lascivious *Venus* ; rather in-
‘ clining to the one’s Principles, than esteeming
‘ of the others Precepts ; therefore *Thalmo*, since
‘ my Mind cannot be subject to servile Love, let
‘ my Commands be a Mediatrix to cause thee to
‘ give a solemn Leave to thy peevish Enterprize,

Thalmo perceiving the Princess pretending to
shroud herself under the Cloud of a solitary
Climate,

Climate, and embrace the austere Duty of a Saint-like Devotion, very earnestly, but with Submission, address'd himself to her.

' Ah! Madam, if my Words could decy-
' pher my Passion, or my Tongue express my
' Affection, I should then account my self most
' Happy, whereas now I esteem myself of all
' Men most Unfortunate. Unfortunate I may
' well say, in that the Idea of my Fidelity is
' obscur'd in the Mist of Incredulity; which if
' you would sincerely weigh in the Ballance
' of Reason, I assure myself the Zeal of my
' virtuous Constancy would remove the Resi-
' dence of your Mistrust, and as absolutely in-
' form you, that my amorous Flame, which
' none but so charming a Goddess as yourself
' can extinguish, springs from true Fidelity:
' That harsh Note of your living a recluse
' Life, I beseech you, Madam, to recall; for
' the possessing of your Presence, and the ob-
' taining of your Commands, would yield me
' the Satisfaction of my trembling Desire; so
' that, Madam, if you please to confer that
' Honour on me, of being your dignify'd Ser-
' vont, it shall suffice; and upon that pleasant
' Foundation will I erect Trophies of delight-
' ful Hope; and till my Merits shall acquire
' more favour of your Princely Goodness, I am
' resolv'd immortally to live and die in your
' Service, and to attend on your sacred Per-
' son with such firm Fidelity, virtuous Affec-
' tion and submissive Loyalty, that your fair
' self, and the King your Royal Father, shall
' one Day bless the Hour of my Arrival, and
' have just Cause to acknowledge that the Sym-

pathy of our Affections was predestinated to
 be united by the Condescension of Celestial
 Deity.

The Princess *Athelia* well noting with what
 Fervency he vented his Passions, began immediately to produce some Motions of Compassion; yet in respect he should not conceive a Spark of Hope, where there was no Performance meant to be effected, bitterly returned him this sharp Reply.

Thalmo, If thou leav'st not this idle Discourse, I will leave thy Presence; for thy obstinate Opinion will constrain me to fly thy Sight, and hereafter to loath thy Company: It is now time to put a Period to thy Conference, because the tediousness of it tires my Senses in understanding it. What I have said, I mean to perform, that is, To live solitarily, and leave you to your passionate Folly; and whereas you desire to remain my Servant, I thereunto condescend, provided your Desires aspire not to my Prejudice. Let your future Attempts be season'd with Discretion, lest Folly overcoming your Reason, your Downfall may prove the more dangerous. Consider with your self, what the King my Father will say, when he hears of your Presumption; think not that he will approve of your Proceedings, but rather curse the very instant of your Arrival, and reward there-with the height of his Displeasure. Therefore *Thalmo*, take my Advice, repent of your Presumption, recall your Follies, and be penitent for your Offences; in so doing, I will persuade

persuade my self to pardon this Crime, and exempt the Memory of it out of my remembrance.

Thalmo perceiving the Princess had finished her cruel Oration, immediately said to her.

' Ah Madam! Is it possible that so much Beauty and Cruelty can dwell together? And is it possible, that each being others Enemy, they should both seek my ruin; and so in a seditious Sympathy triumph o'er my Martyrdom? Ah, Madam! make not my Fall your Felicity, nor my Ruin your Rejoycing; but vouchsafe an eye of Pity to behold my Constancy, the fervency of my Fidelity, and the respect of my Affections! Consider, Madam, the Purity of my Pretence, and the desire of my Expectation, and think that if *Thalmo* live, he must love the fair *Athelia*, and though she hate, yet *Thalmo* must needs love: What was predestinated for me, I must needs endure, yet in suffering her Repulse, I in Humility die, to see my Fortunes check'd with *Athelia's* Frown. Dear Madam, distill into your Heart the Motion of Pity, and amidst the Showers of your Anger, let the resplendent Sun of Favour evaporate your Wrath, let the Dew of thy Patience so mollifie your Cruelty, that I may at last reap that Happiness I have so long desired.

' *Thalmo*, said she, I now see thou art a Servant to Folly, and canst not be exempted till thy time of Innocency is expired. I perceive 'tis in vain to dissuade, where senseless Ab-

' surdity coth command ; and it will be ineffe-
 ' tual, where I see Exhortations are held as
 ' Toys, and Requests obey'd as Trifles.
 ' am sorry that I have remained with you so
 ' long, in respect thou art blinded with a frivo-
 ' lous Humour ; which I see springs rather
 ' from a fond Understanding, than any way
 ' from a tormented Spirit ; but however, it
 ' nothing avails the Advancement of thy De-
 ' mand, because unlawful, and therefore to be
 ' rejected.

' Dear Madam, reply'd *Thalmo*, if ever the
 ' Sighs, Tears, Love, Fidelity or Affection
 ' of a tormented Lover, may gain Acceptance
 ' in the Contemplation of his Saint ; I beseech
 ' you to grant me the Accomplishment of my
 ' virtuous Desires, that I may once in all Chas-
 ' tity of Marriage enjoy your sacred Person,
 ' which above all the World I chiefly adore.

The Princess, told him this Talk disturb'd
 her Thoughts, and his Speeches her Senses ;
 and so in a disdainful manner she flew from
 him : When directing her pace to the Court,
 we will for a while there leave her, and a lit-
 tle Discourse of *Thalmo's* Passions : Who seeing
 the Princess so suddenly departed, thereat im-
 mediately storm'd, changing his pleasant Coun-
 tenance to a pale Complexion ; and repenting
 the time that ever the Queen his Mother pro-
 duced him into this miserable World, conti-
 nually crying out upon cruel Destiny, and ve-
 ry often sighing, as though his Breast were
 overwhelm'd with insupportable Calamities ;
 sometimes falling from Sighs to Tears, and

then from Tears to Sighs again: Sometime^s repeating the Name of *Athelia*, and then closing up his Eyes, as tho' the Oracle of that Celestial Word has ravish'd his Senses with too many divine Cogitations: At last he very pensively withdrew himself to his Closet, where to ease his tormented Mind, he resolv'd to write, and send her these Lines.

*I Never saw that Face till now,
that could my Fancy move:
I lik'd and ventur'd many a Vow
but durst not think of Love:
Till Beauty charming every Sense,
an easie Conquest made,
And shew'd the vainness of Defence,
when Athelia doth invade.*

*But oh! her colder Heart denies
The Thoughts her Looks inspire;
And while in Ice that frozen lies,
her Eyes dart only Fire.
Between Extreames I am undone,
like Plants to Northward set;
Burnt by too violent a Sun,
or starv'd for want of Heat.*

Which being ended, seal'd up and directed, he hasted to a Lady of the Princess *Athelia's*, whose Physiognomy promis'd the Accomplishment of a faithful Performance, and embolden'd him to request her to deliver it to the Princess, to which she voluntarily condescended; and so finding her very solitary in her Chamber, sheweth an humble reverence effected her Promise. The Princess at first was

unwilling to receive it, as not knowing from whence it came, but unripping the Seal, she found who it was sent it, and with a Crimson blush commanded *Levina* her Woman to depart; when Locking her Door, she cast herself on her dainty Bed, and read the Contents before repeated, many times she perus'd it, and often kist it, and at last utter'd to herself these Passions.

‘ Most unfortunate *Athelia*! if thy Tears
 ‘ might assuage thy Pains, or thy Sighs thy
 ‘ Miseries; thou might'st then envy thy Tor-
 ‘ tures, and with Patience bear the insupportable
 ‘ burthen of thy Calamities: But alas!
 ‘ As the first cannot perform the one, nor the
 ‘ second effect the other; thou mayst esteem
 ‘ thy Estate the more unfortunate, and curse
 ‘ the Hour wherein thou didst espy that
 ‘ charming Face of virtuous *Thalmo*, *Thalmo*,
 ‘ I say, whose valorous Actions, herical Dis-
 ‘ position, and comely Deportment hath so
 ‘ conquer'd thy Princely Breast, that thou with
 ‘ the pale fac'd Moon, in Clouds of Obscurity,
 ‘ dost take thy pleasaest Light of Hope from the
 ‘ resplendent Sun, which is only *Thalmo*;
 ‘ remember with what fervency of affectionate
 ‘ Fidelity he pleaded to thee for a kind Accep-
 ‘ tance; and call to mind the pearly Tears,
 ‘ doleful Sighs, and passionate Agonies, which
 ‘ as Messengers of a faithful Constancy, he
 ‘ sent to witness before thine Eyes the Miseries
 ‘ he endur'd, and bury not in Oblivion his wan
 ‘ Complexion, hollow Aspects. and repining
 ‘ Despair; which as Sollicitors, might have
 ‘ caus'd the most obdurate Heart to relent, and

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have produc'd a motion of Pity. But wretched *Athelia*! Forget not the proud Repulses, sharp Answers, bitter Threats and obstinate Denials thou gavest his Enterprize; which when I consider, I burst with Anger, and condemn myself of imprudent Ingratitude, in rewarding his primitive Presence with Inhumanity, and crossing the Proceedings of his Hopes with unmerited Inaffability. Indeed, I must confess, relinquishing obstinate Coyness, my Passion was then magnanimous for *Thalmo*, altho' Modesty would not permit me to discover it; and now I do adore him, as the sacred Image to whom I pay all my Devotions. *Thalmo*, and none but him, shall live in my remembrance, nor none but him alone can boast of such a Conquest; though Pride at first seem'd to reign in my Breast, when I refus'd his Precepts, I will now be as affable in accepting his Affections; tho' then pertinacious in denying his Requests, yet now as willing to agree to his Petitions; and tho' then Refractory in not being Attentive to his Desires, yet now as tractable to hearken to his Demands; but whither, *Athelia*, dost thou wander? What Lunatick Folly doth possess thy Senses? Or whither runs thy Wits a wandring without their Guide, Discretion? Hath an amorous Passion so soon transported thy Mind with Fancies, or lovely Toys so instantly obscured thy Reason with Absurdity, that without regard to Modesty, thou proclaim'st thy Simplicity, which should the World know it, thou wouldst be condemn'd of peevish Levity? Is she which was so long Courted, now become an Oratory Sci-

' tor? And must she plead to him for Love
 ' who petition'd her for Affection? Ah *Athelia*! But such is thy Fate, and therefore con-
 ' tradict not that which the Gods have already
 ' decreed: Satisfie thy self with what is con-
 ' tingent to thee; and hereafter seek by some
 ' favourable Means to correspond with thy de-
 ' sir'd *Thalmo*, to the end that his Presence may
 ' expel those Mists of Sorrow, which so in-
 ' toxicate thy Senses, and extinguish the Birth
 ' of ardent *Flames*, which begin to scorch the
 ' Substance.

Levina her Woman sudden'y rush'd in, as
 being sent from the Queen her Mother, won-
 dering she should be so long Absent; *Athelia*
 perceiving the Time had deceiv'd her,
 instantly rose up, and clearing up, her
 Countenance the best she could, sail'd not ac-
 cording to her Duty, with all Celerity to
 hasten to the Queen, where contrary to her
 Expectation, she receiv'd this Check.

' *Athelia* hath too much Freedom made you
 ' forget your self? Or is it some extraordinary
 ' Affair which hath retained you so long
 ' from my Presence? Was you with your
 ' Tutor's Lady *Flerina*, or from whence came
 ' you?

' Madam, May it please your Majesty, (re-
 ' ply'd the Princess) I have long since been in-
 ' vited to see the Lady *Fulvia's* Chamber, and
 ' this Morning unexpected, she came for me,
 ' your Majesty being in your Closet, I was
 ' loath to disturb you, and so I departed with-
 ' out taking my Leave, my Lady *Flerina* was
 ' then at her Devotions, and so only *Iffida* my
 ' Maid attended me.

This Reply soon satisfied the Queen; so leaving *Athelia* in her Presence, we will return to tormented *Thalmo*, who being as it were plung'd in *Athelia's* Beauty, and almost drown'd in her Affection, as also hearing no Answer from *Levina*, storm'd in such a manner that his Familiars, who not being acquainted with his Passions, thought he would run Lunatick, and dance with the Skies, or else stark Mad with the Moon, to caper about the Clouds; for such Rage possess'd his Senses, and such Anger over-power'd his Reason, that he was even bereav'd of his Understanding; all Company he abandoned, and detested the Light, as *Jupiter* when he descended in a Cloud to dazzle *Vulcan*, thereby to enjoy *Juno*: His Speeches were far-fetch'd Sighs, unlets now and then he would breathe forth the Name of *Athelia*; his Laughter was metamorphos'd to Tears, and no Motion could enter his Imagination, but the resemblance of *Athelia*; his Chamber seem'd tiresome, and his Bed uneasy; his Torments might be compar'd to the Tortures of *Ixion*, only in this excepted, that he had a fairer Deity in *Athelia*, than *Ixion* had in *Proserpina*; when he waked, the Image of *Athelia* stood before him, whose Figure he adored, as the only solace of his Heart's Contentment; being in his Study, pensively Passionate, he would suddenly arise, and ask, Who was there? As if *Athelia* had been always knocking at the Door; From thence in an affectatious humour, he would forthwith direct his Course towards the Fields, and there most sorrowfully to the senseless Trees, decypher forth the manner of her Cruelty; then

begging Pardon for so great a Crime, he immediately fell to Singing in Praise of her; and from thence in a wavering Condition, would enter into another Humour of recording his Passions: Amongst the rest, as I very well remember he once rang'd into a pleasant Forest, and so from thence to Mountains next adjoining, and again to Vallies, as his Weakness lead him, when being over-whelm'd with innumerable amorous Fancies, on the Grass taking out his Pen and Paper, writ these Lines.

BRight Athelia is the Saint
 whom in Devotion I implore?
 But she is deaf to my Complaint,
 her Silence tells I must give o'er;
 Is it my Zeal's not fervent thought?
 or what I ask'd offence has given?
 No Word, but Sigh or Tear with't brought
 such Rhetorick as prevails with Heaven.

The latter then must be the cause,
 yet how could that her Anger move:
 So harmless my Petition was,
 I only ask'd of her her Love;
 And now the fatal Reason's found,
 the greater Pain I must endure:
 Such Folly 'tis to search the Wound
 that does admit no Hopes of Cure.

With Grief and Anguish I'm perplex'd,
 so sad my Case on either side,
 I had not liv'd had I not ask'd,
 'tis worse than Death, now I'm deny'd.

Tell

me of neither Rocks nor Wheels,
 who sharp, they bring no lasting Pain ;
 or torments like to that he feels,
 who loves, and is not lov'd again.

Which having ended, forgetting both
 and Paper, he resolv'd to range further into
 the unknown Forests : But as flying Time
 gives a Period to all earthly Accidents, so in
 moving from Place to Place, he at last arriv'd
 at a fair Cyprus-Tree ; where resolving to
 sleep, he was no sooner down, but he arose
 again instantly determining to depart, but de-
 vious of writing a few more Lines, he busily
 search'd for his Pen and Paper ; but not finding
 it, drew out his Sword, and with the Point
 of it, upon the Bark of a Tree, carv'd these
 Lines.

*Go soft Desires, Love's gentle Progeny,
 and on the Heart of fair Athelia seize :
 Then quickly back return again to me,
 since that's the Cure of my Disease ;
 But if you miss her Breast whom I adore,
 then take your flight and visit me no more.*

Which having ended, he very oft kiss'd it,
 as if there remain'd some figur'd resemblance
 of Athelia's Perfections : So leaving the Field,
 he return'd to his melancholly Habitation,
 where we will leave him to the Fancy of his
 Affections, and a little Discourse of almost for-
 gotten *Palmo*.

Palmo being appointed by King *Brilion* De-
 puty-Governor of *Ithaca* Castle, wherein the
 beautiful *Mersiva* was kept Prisoner ; having

his Heart inspir'd with Compassion, grievously troubled to see *Porus* his Governor, so rigorously use her: For, whereas the King did allow her a decent Chamber, pleasant Walks, Table answerable to her Person, and a Damsel to attend her; he on the contrary abridg'd her of those Priviledges, placing her in an obscure Dungeon; where the thought of so detestable a Damp, might have hurried *Alexander* himself into a Labyrinth of Despair: For instead of pleasant Walks, she had only the Liberty of her close Prison; her Diet was very homely, and scarce enough to assist Nature; and instead of a Damsel to attend her, was basely serv'd by an ugly Russian, in the Furrows of whose angry Brows, envious Wrath sat Triumphant; having from his Governor a strict Order, to hinder all those, who in her Distress should give her Relief.

Mersilva perceiving her hard Usage, exclaim'd on Fortune, deploring that ever she had attain to so dismal an Aspect! Weep she might, for there was no Spectators of her Lamentation; and well might she lament and cast forth Sighs, for there was none to comfort her in the depth of her Miseries: For if at any time she bemoaned herself to her rigorous Keeper, with forcible Arguments to induce him to Pity, she was immediately check'd with a Catalogue of Reproaches; alleading, that her Entertainment exceeded her Merits: Which as a second Wound, did so transport her Reason to compleat Anguish, that with wringing Hands and throbbing Sighs, she to her self breath'd out these Words.

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PERPLEX'd *Mersilva*! Thou hast just occasion to acknowledge, how inconstant Fortune, doth at her Pleasure conduct Princes to the top of Prosperity; and immediately turning the Needle of her Compass to another Point, doth violently rend the Bark of their Pristine Estate, against the dangerous Rocks of Perdition; where suffering Shipwreck, the Memory of their Happiness is presently over-whelm'd in the unmerciful Entrails of tyrannizing Destiny. Unfortunate *Mersilva*! in that *Camelion Tragedy*, thou art a principal Actress; for the subject of thy Misery, hath as a Prologue mounted thee on the Theatre of Destruction; most wretched *Mersilva*! when the Memory of thy Birth pierceth through the Thoughts of Consideration; and comparing past Honours, to present Calamities, what Terror of Aggravation it doth apply to thy Hope, thou may'st well conjecture; whereas others can scarcely pre-suppose.

' Ah, desolate *Mersilva*! how are thy Delights now transmuted to Melancholly Contemplations? Thy Pleasantness revers'd to Mourning, and all thy former Pleasures metamorphos'd to Solitariness? most certain it is, that Glory fades, as well as insults; and Honour withers as the Flowers of the Field, which no sooner spring forth with *Titan*, but die with *Cynthia*. What then is the World but a Labyrinth of Perplexities? What then is Dignity but the Seat of Ambition? And what is Glory, but the Throne of Grandure? *Mersilva*! such is the vicissitude of this terrestrial Diadem, that being produced

'duc'd in Sin, we prosecute in Folly ; and
 'ver forbear to detest Virtue, before we
 'ingulfed in the Stream of Vice : Therefore
 'account thy Miseries as a Recompence
 'destinated for thy Fortune ; thy Torment
 'as a Reward for thy Sin ; and lastly, ten
 'thy Calamities, as a meritorious Affliction
 'projected for thy ill Conduct.

Which doleful Words she uttered with so
 zealous Fervency, that the Report thereof
 would have caused Disdain herself, to have
 pierc'd her ; for sometimes she walk'd in her mi-
 serable Cottage, and then instantly threw her
 self on her Bed of Care, where drawing her
 Curtains close about her, she might judge it to
 be a Sepulchre, and herself a Corps therein in-
 terr'd : When again, reviving her Spirits and
 remembering her Misery, she would sorrowful-
 ly Smile, and instantly Rebuke herself, for
 committing such an Offence. Her Hanker
 chief she often wash'd with Tears, which
 trickled down her sorrowful Cheeks, and then
 immediately dried them, with fanning Wind
 on her Face, to enliven her Spirit : In which
 sorrowful manner she past the Day, without
 being comforted by the assistance of any ; un-
 til at last the sound of her Complaint reach'd
 the Ears of Prince *Plivio*, which infused in him
 so much Relentation, that knowing her to be
 a Princess Royally descended and Innocently
 committed, without being Guilty of any
 Crime, against the Crown or Kingdom of
Zanfara, - he being vanquished with Compa-
 sion, cryed out.

' Cruel

Cruel *Plivio* ! can Humanity suffer so Beautiful a Princess as *Mersilva* to endure imprisonment, and thou enjoy thy Liberty ? Can the Dignity of that Divine Sex, obtain no more Favour at thy Hands, where thou canst afford Relief ? Are thy Senses so clouded with Obscurity, thy Eyes so darkened with Impiety, or thine Heart so loaded with Cruelty, that her Tears cannot Solicite to thee for her Freedom ; or her Complaints as Advocates of her Innocency, perfectly plead to thee for her speedy Enlargement ? How will the World blame thee of Ingratitude, thy Conscience accuse thee of Rigour, and thy Thoughts condemn thee of Tyranny when the odiousness of thy Fact, shall arrive to the Judgment-Seat of Reason ; where thy Faults being described, and thy Folly disclosed ? What Shadow of Argument canst thou alledge for thy Excuse ? or what Mask of Sensibility canst thou produce to o'erveil thy Inhumanity ? Consider with thy self from whence thou art extracted ; if from the Loins of a Woman, how comes it to pass, thou differest from so temperate a Nature. *Plivio* ! recal thy Senses to the Throne of Pity, and drown the rigorousness of thy Mind in the Gulf of Oblivion : Let Lenity be in thy Thoughts, and Remorse in thy Cogitations ; and ungrateful *Plivio*, resolve, that to relieve the Distressed is an Operation of Charity, and to assist an afflicted Lady, is worthy Commendation. What though thy Governor is inhumane, must thou of Consequence desert her ? No, *Plivio*, let not thy Cruelty obscure thy Liberality, nor perverse Impiety

- ‘ overwhelm thy Affability, but rather let
- ‘ Actions favour of thy Friendship, and let
- ‘ Resolutions be qualify'd with Generosity
- ‘ and in so doing, the Gods will esteem it
- ‘ Act of Justice, and all Mankind a glorious
- ‘ Compassion to so much Virtue.

Upon the Ground of which Resolution, citing his Breast with the animosity of Honour, he resolv'd to visit the Princess *Merfilva*. Whereupon, he immediately directed his Course to the Place where she sorrowfully lay imprisoned. Where he was no sooner entred, but he beheld her sitting on her Bed of Misery, having her Face o'er-veil'd with a sable Scarf, as if partly detested to see the appearance of the lightful *Phæbus*; when not securely sleeping, but rather dolefully slumbering, being by his Presence disturb'd from her pensive Contemplations, she forthwith raised herself from her Seat of Sorrow, and putting aside her Scarf, discover'd a perfect Copy of transcendent Beauty, from whence her radiant Eyes, displaying their splendid Influence as fixed Stars, divinely seated in the Celestial Element, approaching to her with an humble Reverence, most courteously address'd himself in the following words.

- ‘ Madam, I am at last arrived to your
- ‘ Presence, to crave Pardon for my neglect
- ‘ of Duty in deferring so long that Consolation I might have administred to you, since
- ‘ in this Castle I can claim some Priviledge
- ‘ but Dear Madam, impute it not wholly to
- ‘ my want of Care, for my Governor's Command was the main Obstacle that kept me
- ‘ from prosecuting my Intentions; which now

ing removed by his departure to the Court,
 fortune has opportunely given me this Hap-
 piness of waiting on you, and of offering you
 the Civilities which this Castle, or my
 interest can afford you; therefore, Madam,
 if you please to recreate yourself in the Gar-
 dens and Walks adjoining, I will attend you,
 and secure your sacred Person from all Harms
 and Violence.

The Princess *Merfiva* wondring at this un-
 expected Kindness, dying her chrystal Cheeks
 with a vermillion Blush, very courteously
 return'd him this Answer.

Sir, my vanquish'd Hope, which hath been
 transported to the very brink of Despair,
 being now by your extraordinary Favours,
 inspir'd with Consolation, doth for this your
 kind Relief, render you Millions of Thanks
 for this unmerited Succour; and since you
 are pleas'd to afford me that Happiness, I
 should be very unworthy to you, and much
 wanting to myself, if I did not accept of so
 great a Freedom, as to enjoy the Air of the
 fragrant Fields.

Plivio perceiving her Inclination to walk
 to take the Air, very courteously took her by
 the Hand, and conducted her by a Postern
 gate, through the Castle, to the Walks, and
 from thence to the pleasant Arbours; where
Merfiva delighting to range from Bank to
 bank, and from Fountain to Bower, leaving in
 no manner no Place therein unprospected, she at
 length arriv'd to a very sumptuous Fountain;
 whose Walls being of glittering Alabaster, and
 shining Marble, gave such a Grace to *Mer-
 fiva's* Eyes, that her Spirits at so pleasant a
 Prospect

Prospect did then receive the long look'd
Motion of delightful Contentment: At
hearing the Descent of some issuing Stream
which made a Musical Harmony in falling
the Concavity of the Earth, she began to tra-
round the Circumference of the Fountain
where she espied on the East side of it, two
stately Pillars of Dove-white Ivory, being re-
curiously Carved and Adorned with spacious
Guards of refin'd Azure, wherein were em-
bell'd lovely Roses, and splendid Stars of ar-
tificial Ingenuity; on the tops of the Pillars
stood two Female Images, most industriously
Painted, well resembling the Graces, each
holding in their Hands a little Vane, where on
one Side was painted *Minerva*, and on the
other *Diana*, and joyning their other Hands
which they elevated over their Heads, did
support the third Grace, being crowned with
an *Olympian* Garland, holding in both
Hands a Table of Celestial Hue, seated in
Frame of illustrious Argent, from out whose
six globy Paps, resembling for whiteness the
Snow which doth embrace the *Pyrenean*
Mountains, rush'd forth Chrystal Spouts of
ever Water; whereat she being for a while de-
lighted, at last perceiv'd betwixt the two
Pillars a Geometrical Door, where entering
she beheld a small Mountain in form of a Py-
ramid, which reach'd to the top of the Foun-
tain, from whence Nature yielded forth many
a Vein of weeping Water, which by degrees
distilling down the Rock, was thorough Silver
Pipes by Art most curiously conveyed to the
Graces Paps: Which *Me-silva* seeing, shut the
Door, and resolv'd to depart; but by Chance
reflecting

cting her Sight, as unwilling so soon to take
Farewel, glaucing her Eyes at ran lom up-
the Perfection of the upper Grace, she, either
ded with a Shadow, or possess'd with a Fan-
immediately conceiv'd, that she saw her
ficial Eyes, naturally reflect in the Model
their Influence, and so being in Imagination
ic'd that it was so, or else that at the Re-
st of some second *Pygmalion*, the Goddess
us had with Life likewise inspir'd her;
thought with herself, that the said Grace,
some means or other had interiorly some
ly feeling of natural Sense, and applying it
he allusion of her Fancy drove her, conjec-
d, that she invited her more near to approach:
respect whereof mounting a Step which stood
y close before the *Graces*, she thought with
m, but especially the uppermost, to have
he private Conference; where being ele-
ed, she presently forgot herself, as if some
red Deiry had so before predestinated it,
after was instantly put in Mind of her
eful Calamities; whereat much lamenting,
blush'd, in that she had committed so stupid
Absurdity; when looking about her, and not
ng *Plinio* there espying a blue Table, she
d upon it, and charmingly sung these Lines.

*He Glories of our Birth and State,
are shadows, not substantial things,
There is no A mour against Fate,
Death lays his Icy hands on Kings;
Scepters and Crowns
Must tumble down,
And in the Dust be equal laid,
With the poor crooked Scythe and Spade.*

Some

Some Men with Swords may reap the Field,
and plant fresh Lawrels where they kill;
But their strong Nerves at last must yield,
they tame but one another still:

Early or late

They stoop to Fate,
And must give up their murmuring Breath,
When the pale Captive creeps to Death.

The Garland withers on your Brow,
Then boast no more your mighty Deeds;
For upon Death's purple Altar now,
see where the Victor Victim bleeds:

All Heads must come

To the cold Tomb;

Only the Actions of the Just,
Smell sweet and blossom in their Dust.

Whil'st the Princess *Mersilva* was viewing
this sumptuous Garden, Prince *Plivio* command-
ed a very gallant Banquet to be there pre-
pared, the which most kindly in an *Eglantine*
Bower he presented her; and to make her En-
ertainment pleasant, order'd a Consort of
Lutes, and three Eunuchs to warble forth a
melodious Harmony. In this manner for
while they deluded the Time; Prince *Plivio*
all this while never fail'd to glance his Eye on
the sweet Object of *Mersilva's* Beauty; which
Cupid espying, immediately bent his Bow, and
let fly an Arrow headed with Desire, and fear-
thundered with Affection; which so forcibly hit
Plivio to the Heart, that he immediately faint-
ed at the Stroke, so that now he acknowledg'd
no Goddess but *Cytherea*, no Saint but *Venus*.

or no Lord but *Love* : So that his Breast being penetrated with the Influence of Amorousness, after having re-conducted the Princess *Mersilva* to the Castle, he hasted to his own Apartment, and there poured forth these Contemplations.

' What *Plivio* ! art thou in a Moment vanquish'd in the Field of Beauty ! or hath *Cupid* such Influence at the first approach to penetrate thy Breast with Affection ? Can thy Resolutions which were devoted to *Bellona*, now stoop to *Venus*, and so make Garlands in her praise ; whereas before thou disdain'd her Society ? Wilt thou not fondly bathe thy Senses in amorous Cogitations, and though to thy prejudice devote thy self a Sacrifice to *Love's* Altar ? Beware, *Plivio*, the *Syrenes* have sweet Voices, yet are deceitful, the *Panthers* fair Skins, yet infectious, and the *Amazons* beautiful Faces, yet meer Dissemblers : Though *Helen* was fair, she was petulant ; *Thais* was lovely, yet leud ; and *Semiramis*, tho' curious, was a Courtesan : but alas, *Plivio* ! one Example makes not a Maxim ; nor doth forepast Crimes include general Actions, for speak without partiality, and thy Conscience will plead, that as there hath been a wanton *Helen*, so there was a wise *Calliope* ; a leud *Thais*, so a chaste *Lucretia* ; a vicious *Semiramis*, yet a virtuous *Susanna* ; therefore *Plivio*, retire not with Pessimanimity, but advance with Fortitude ; for as the Poet sings, *A faint Heart never pluck'd Fruit from the Tree of Love*. Consider with thy self what *Mersilva* is ; in the Mir-

' rour of Verity, by descent a Princess, of Qua-
 ' lities a Queen, of Beauty an Angel, and of
 ' Perfection the only *Phoenix* of her Sex. Who
 ' then but would esteem such a Virgin? Who
 ' then but would love such a matchless Para-
 ' gon? Nay, who but would sacrifice his Life
 ' in behalf of so sweet a Saint?

Thus embathing his Mind in Amorous Con-
 templation, and solacing his Senses in *Merfilva's*
Beauty, he remained so restless, that no
 Object could please him, but the *Idea* of the
 fair *Merfilva*; no Thought content him, unless
 sprung from her Majestical Virtue; nor no
 Imagination delight him, unless derived from
 her rare Perfections: So as burning with Desire
 to display his Pretence, he at last with a trem-
 bling Resolution, wrote these Lines; which
 by a trully Messenger he sent to fair *Merfilva*.

Plivio to Merfilva.

MAdam, I have discover'd so great a Passion
 in my Breast, which none but your gra-
 cious self is able to appease; for having fix'd
 my Eyes upon so much Beauty, I am bent to
 direct my Devotions on the Altar of your flow-
 rishing Excellencies, since I repose the first
 Fruits of my amorous Inclinations, in contem-
 plating on the Idea of your divine Perfections, and
 derive my chiefest solace from your Angelical
 be Personage; I hope a favourable Answer will
 the Reward of my constant Fidelity: But Ma-
 dam, my Reprieve is but short; for if you now
 reject the faithfullest Heart that ever Love did
 yet inspire, I shall receive it as your Commands,

to decline adoring you, which since I cannot whilst I live, I am resolved by Death, to obey you, which I shall embrace with Joy, if it can produce any, in the fair *Merfilva*.

Till Death, your constant Plivio.

Merfilva receiving the Letter, and guessing from whom it came, without any disdain, open'd it, and reading it with a blushing Countenance, because Love was the great Theme; having read it, she fetch'd a great Sigh, and instantly found her Senses surrounded with many agreeable Notions of *Plivio's* Perfections; every Line seeming to make a smooth Path-way for *Cupid's* Entrance; but at last curbing her *Paphian* Sparks with a modest Countenance, and considering the Favour he had before shewn her, she resolv'd to return him this Answer.

Merfilva to Plivio.

I Received yours, without much difficulty, thinking only to hear of your Welfare; but contrary to my Expectation found it full of amorous Fancy; whereof I repented me of my Immodesty, and blam'd my Hand for having intermeddled with so prejudicial an Affair: But weighing the former Favour's receiv'd from you, I thought it agreeable to return you an Answer; the Purport whereof is to request you to give a solemn Adieu to your commenc'd Enterprize; my Breast: Forbear therefore the creating of your self any Trouble of writing to me in that Dialect; for they are Motives which molest

my Imaginations ; and cease your Sollicitations to her, which till Death intends not to be won by any: Not omitting Thanks for your former Favours, I remain

Your Friend, *Merfilva*

Having finish'd it, she was doubting whether she should send it, fearing lest it might redound to the prejudice of her Fame ; but at last sounding the Depth of her Affection, by the Mutability of her Fancies, and the Foundation of her Love, and the Allurement of her Liking ; and finding herself to be inspir'd with the Flames of *Cytherea*, she instantly resolv'd to prosecute her purpose ; by virtue of which Resolution, she forthwith deliver'd it to a Messenger to convey it to *Plivio* ; who using his diligence in a short time arriv'd at the Palace, where Prince *Plivio* was as then resident ; and being brought to his Presence, he accomplish'd the Princesses Commands.

The Prince not knowing from whence it came, very busily open'd it, and without further prolixity of Introduction, directed his Eyes to the bottom, and found the glorious Name of *Merfilva*: Whether his thoughts were obscured by divine Inspiration, or his Breast replenish'd with many ravishing Contemplations, I refer the Censure thereof, to those which have likewise enjoyed an Essence of the like sacred Tenuity : But one may credulously conjecture, that the sight of this Celestial Present did not only solace our despairing *Plivio*, but likewise infused a sudden Encouragement to his afflicted Malady ; embracing the Letter in his Hand, he very often kiss the Oracle of

Mer-

Merfilva's Name, and with many pearled Tears, seconded with affectionate Sighs, instantly paid thereof the faithful welcome: But at last, calling his Thoughts to a Retreat, and sounding his Discretion, to refresh his Senses, he with Consideration read it distinctly over, and finding it not agreeable to his Inclination, he instantly raged and stormed, as if the Demonstrations of his Furioufness were to be presented on *Folly's* Theatre; sometimes he would stamp, and in a moment stare, as if his Brains had been befotted with a Lunatick Frenzy; then curse *Cupid* because he seduced him; and yet instantly yield many Millions of Thanks to *Venus*, for investing him a Servant to so divine a Creature: When repeating the Name of *Merfilva*, he would quietly sit down and slumber, as tho' the Deity of that sacred Word, had some divine Authority to charm his Senses; sometimes with detestable Reproaches, he would rebuke his Eyes for so unfortunately gazing upon *Merfilva's* Beauty. The Messenger was all this while a Spectator to *Plivio's* Passions; and mistrusting it proceeded from the Princesses Occasion, which wrought in him that perplexity, instantly leaving him to his Passions, departed, and inform'd the Princess, in the highest Degree, the manifestation of his Malady, and the melancholy Humour of his perplexed Calamity.

Which the Princess *Merfilva* no sooner understood, but being afresh inflam'd with his Affection, she very suddenly, in her Princely Breast, conceived a Motion of Remorse, being exceeding anxious, that she should occasion so much Aggravation: When separating herself

from Company, she betook her to her Closet, resolving to breath forth her Passions to herself, where being no sooner entred, but the Princess *Athelia* knocking at the Door, came to visit her, and likewise for that Night to be her Bed-fellow; *Mersilva*, smother'd her Sorrow as well as she could, and putting on a chearful Countenance, entertain'd her: So with a great deal of Familiarity and friendly Conference, they deluded the Time, 'till Supper being ended, and the Skies o'er-veil'd with obscure Night, they both betook themselves to their Bed, where both, but especially *Mersilva*, slept with a watchful Countenance; having their Minds tracing upon their Favourites Perfections. But splendent *Aurora* the joyful Messenger of *Phæbus*, had no sooner in Combat conquer'd the vernal Night, and so given the sable Clouds a valorous Overthrow, but radiant *Titan* transpiercing his Darts through their Damask Curtains, early in the Morn, made *Mersilva* arise; who without any noise, leaving *Athelia* in Bed, apparell'd herself, directing her Course to the Fields; when-circumferencing divers pleasant Meadows, she at last arriv'd to a fragrant Mountain, where not only finding that the *Spring* did present her with a delicious Umbrage, but also that *Phæbus* had there exhaled the balmy Drops from the Face of *Flora*, she most majestically laid her down on the verdant Grass, having a Bush of *Eglantine*, mixt with Cowslips in her Hand, not only to repulse the Rays of ardent *Olympus*, but also to keep off the Goats and Bees from her Rosie Cheeks, where pensively contemplating with herself, she breathed forth these words.

' earthly Devotions ; therefore, Madam, I be-
 ' seech you decline not my Affection, but
 ' make me so happy to enjoy your Favours,
 ' that I may give Despair a Farewel, and so
 ' again cherish my afflicted Hope, with the
 ' Joy which yourself shall engender in my more
 ' than cheerful Imaginations.

Mersilva observing with what zealous Af-
 fection he declared himself, could instantly
 have condescended to his so reasonable a Re-
 quest ; but thinking so soon to yield were but
 imprudence in her Sex, she at last return'd
 this Answer.

' Sir, the fairest Flowers do commonly har-
 ' bour the foulest Wasps ; and where the
 ' Stream seems most pleasant, it is often most
 ' dangerous ; delicate Words are but counter-
 ' feit Shadows for Deceit ; and when the Sky
 ' seems clear commonly presages a Storm :
 ' Men in these days resemble the Picture of
 ' *Janus*, which can prescribe a Colour for
 ' every Physiognomy, and a Fancy for every
 ' Favour ; therefore as I will trust none, so I
 ' intend not to try any ; least reposing Confi-
 ' dence unadvisedly, I purchase Repentance
 ' too dear, and so Discretion coming too late,
 ' I crave Pardon out of Season. *Diana's*
 ' Maxims in my Thoughts are not so soon e-
 ' vaporated, neither will I so prejudice my-
 ' self as to esteem *Venus* my Patroness ; in the
 ' Mirrour of Experience I daily behold the
 ' downfall of divers, in respect whereof, by
 ' others harms I mean to beware : Therefore
 ' Sir, if you please to relinquish your Suit, I
 ' may

' may perchance respect you as a Friend, or if
' the contrary, hate you as an Enemy.

Plivio perceiving his Saint to fight always under the Banner of Cruelty, and suspecting his Fidelity, having his disturbed Muse ingulph'd in the Ocean of Perplexity, did a long time remain silent; but reflecting his Observations upon the Excellency of her Beauty, return'd this Replication.

' Why, fair *Merfilva*, one Swallow makes
' not a Summer, nor doth forepast Events con-
' clude future Maxims: Affection comes by
' Destiny, not by Device, and is therefore Na-
' tural not Artificial. It is hard to censure of
' my Qualities, by others Qualifications, and
' very difficult to judge of my Affections by
' others Infidelity; therefore Madam, to re-
' move all Obstacles that may create your Dis-
' fidence, I will seal what I have deliver'd with
' this Protestation, That my Passion for you,
' Madam, is firm, not inconstant, faithful,
' not feigned; and so grounded upon the Rock
' of immoveable, entire Amity, that as my
' days shall demonstrate my perpetual Affection,
' so my Death shall testify my immortal
' Fidelity.

Merfilva hearing his solemn Protestations, immediately redned in such an amorous manner, that she could scarce refrain discovering her Affection; but at last with a compos'd Countenance, she return'd him this Answer.

‘ Sir, It is high time to put a Conclusion to
 ‘ our Conference, since the Theme whereon
 ‘ you descant proceeds from Folly ; for if you
 ‘ imagine that my Thoughts will condescend
 ‘ to Love’s Embracements you deceive your
 ‘ Hopes with a vain Absurdity ; what I out-
 ‘ outwardly speak, proclaims my secret In-
 ‘ tentions, therefore bury your Speeches in the
 ‘ Grave of silence, and presume not to present
 ‘ her with your Love, which esteems not any
 ‘ way of your Affection.

Plivio being much perplexed, was framing
 an Answer, but *Mersilva* perceiving by his
 Countenance what the Product of his Discourse
 would be, very suddenly, without taking leave,
 departed ; where leaving him to his Perplexi-
 ties, and her to her Passions, we will for a
 while silence their Proceedings and entertain
 ourselves with Prince *Medor*’s Adventures.

Prince *Medor*, as you have formerly heard,
 having acquired the Love of the Princess *Flor-
 ina*, and grounded his Affections in her Me-
 mory ; was frustrated in the consummation of
 his Bliss by King *Agenor*, her Father, who ut-
 terly denied to match his Daughter with him,
 in respect of an ancient Antipathy between
 Prince *Medor*’s Father and himself. So that
 perceiving he could not obtain his desire, nor
 so much as confer with the Princess *Florina*,
 by reason the King her Father had commanded
 her to retire into the Country, he immediately
 resolv’d to Travel, hoping that the Influence
 of Time would raze out the King’s Indignati-
 on ; he at last determin’d to take a Voyage
 to the Isle of *Madagascar*, to pay his Duty and

Service to his Uncle, Duke *Alphonso* ; but yet, least departing without leave of the Lady *Florina* should render him guilty of Ingratitude, he at last with Tears in his Eyes writ these Lines.

Medor, to the fair Princess Florina.

MAdam, Destiny resolving to metamorphose our Pleasures into Pensiveness, hath doubtless instigated the King your Father to exercise his invective Malice against our Innocency ; so that, dear Madam, I am forc'd to leave behind me that transcendent Pledge of my Affection ; live I cannot but in torment ; being depriv'd of the Sight of so much Beauty ; but such, Madam, is my unfortunate Fortune, and the Gods in the Synods of their Resolutions have imposed it as a Period to commence my Miseries ; nay, more than so, I think ratified it for a Plague to impale me within the Circumference of endless Disconsolation. But, Madam, in what desolate Place soever I erect my Residence, my Contemplations shall dwell upon the Idea of your Beauty, and my Mind ruminates upon your divine Perfections ; and daily upon the Altar of Love I will sacrifice Sighs, in testimonial of my immoveable Affections ; therefore, dear Madam, be not dismay'd, for the Gods who have made this Decree, may in time revoke their Sentence ; so committing you to the protection of the Powers Divine, I remain Madam, your constant Servant till Death,

Medor.

Which

Which having ended, he deliver'd it to an intimate Friend to convey to her ; and so finding a Ship ready, he embark'd himself for *Madagascar* ; sometime he was floating upon the proud Billows, and past by several Ports and Islands, and at last betwixt a Bay and an Island was overtaken by a cruel tempestuous Storm, which continued a long time, and forc'd them into a Port in *Africa* ; where gaining the Shore, and finding himself weak, through his Marine Sickness ; he instantly resolv'd there to make his Abode ; and so taking leave of the Master, and bestowing his Liberality upon the Ship's Company, he there betook himself to erect his Residence ; till at last being advertis'd by a Merchant, that the Court of *Zanzibara* was the Rendezvous of the Flower of Chivalry, he determin'd thither to Travel : In which Journey, some few Leagues from the Court, by chance straying in a Forest, and arriving to a solitary Cottage, whose Situation corresponded with his disturb'd Passions, he resolv'd there to make his Habitation ; the better to pass away the doleful Time, whilst absent from his fair *Florina*, and the better to cloud his Secrets from the sight of neighbouring Spectators, he disguis'd himself in a Hermit's Habit, seeming outwardly to all Passengers the chief Inhabitant of that vestal Grove ; where forgetting his former Dignity, and solacing himself with the remembrance of his fair *Florina*, he a long Time liv'd as a Man which had forsaken the alluring Jollities of this inconstant World, devoting his Soul to the only enjoying of Celestial Felicities. But Love, which still inspir'd him with the Beauty of his Princess, would

ould not so abandon this her amorous Fa-
bourice, but so tyrannously furnish'd his Mind
with ardent Flames of Affection, that thinking
to sleep, Cupid would permit Morpheus to En-
slavement; but forced him divers Times to arise,
and pourtract forth his Passions in Affirmation
of his Fidelity; and at last eccho'd forth these
Verses,

*Break, break distracted heart, there is no cure
For this thy Soul's most desperate Calenture;
Sighs which in others Passions vent,
And give them ease when they lament,
Are but the Billows to my hot Desire,
And Fears in me don't quench, but nourish Fire:
Nothing can mollify my Grief,
Or give my Passion some Relief.*

*Love's Flames when smother'd, always do devour
And when oppos'd by the same fatal Power,
Then welcome Death, let thy blest hands apply
A Medicine to my Grief, and then I'll die,*

It were too tedious to relate all the Passages
of the austere Life which Prince Medor led in
this solitary Grove, therefore let this suffice:
That being vanquish'd with ardent Affection,
he finally vowed to devote the Pilgrimage of
his days to Florina's Service, and protested to
adore her as the sacred Deity to whom he de-
dicated the generality of his Terrestrial Devo-
tions. Therefore leaving him to his disconso-
lateness to be reliev'd by Patience, we will re-
turn to Prince Thalmo and his Princess the fair
Abelia.

Prince Thalmo perceiving the fair Abelia to
be always devoted to Cruelty, and concluding
with

with himself, that the triumph'd over his Mar-
tyrdom, being overcome with Love and loaded
with Affection, could reap no rest of his Sense
until he had a Prospect of her singular Beauty
she being in the next Arbour, he address'd him-
self to her, after a small Complement, and said

‘ Madam, the Nature of Planets is to have
‘ each his Influence, and it being my Fortune
‘ to be Planet-struck with that excelling Beau-
‘ ty which you possess, I am now come to the
‘ Divine Oracle to learn whether I shall be
‘ happy or miserable.

Athelia surpriz'd to see *Thalmo* present; yet
shadowing her Affection under the protection
of Nicety, with a little redness said: *Thalmo*,
‘ if Planets have Power to form Civility, then
‘ I hope your old Folly is metamorphos'd to
‘ new Discretion: For my part I am what I
‘ professed, and if you approve of it, as you
‘ came unlook'd for, so when you please you
‘ may depart.

‘ Why Madam! reply'd *Thalmo*, so harsh
‘ a Sentence? should I which have been faith-
‘ ful to you, even from the Birth of your first
‘ Aspect, become now your Deity inconstant;
‘ or would you advise me to transform my fore-
‘ past Affection into future Hatred. Thy Hatred,
‘ said *Athelia*, doth more please me than thy
‘ Affection, and yet I care little for both, and
‘ for thyself less. *Thalmo* being ready to answer
her, was prevented by *Levina* her Gentlewo-
man, who came on purpose to attend her; the
which as soon as he espy'd, with a very low
bow and a sorrowful Resolution he departed;
raging

ing against *Cupid* for predestinating him to
 ve so cruel a tyrannizing Beauty; when
 lking a part in a private Place he espy'd his
 r *Athelia* to direct her Course to the Court.
 pon which he re-entred the Arbour, where
 e was, and looking round him, he observ'd
 e Turtles in their Amours; upon which seat-
 g himself, he breath'd out these Verses.

*Observe these Turtles kind and true;
 Harken how frequently they woo;
 They faithful Lovers are, and true;
 If they that see 'em would but be so too;
 Of them, my fair Athelia, learn,
 At length to grant me my Concern:
 Follow what thou in them dost see,
 And thou wilt soon be kind to me.*

Having thus vented himself, and seeing his
 fair *Athelia* absent, he at last thinking to find
 her in her Closet; where very pensively en-
 tring, and not seeing her there, immediately
 directed his way to the Court; where he was
 no sooner arriv'd, but a Page meets him, and
 delivers him this Message and Challenge.
 ' Sir, Prince *Almion*, my Master, hearing of
 ' the Affection you bear to the Princess *Athe-*
 ' *lia*, whose Beauty those that pretend to it,
 ' must dispute it in the Field of Honour, and
 ' to that end hath sent thee this resolute De-
 ' fiance, which I here deliver to thee: Which
Thalmo opening, it contain'd these Words.

Almion

Almion to Thalmo.

' Proudest *Arabian*, being acquainted with
 ' thy aspiring Affections towards the Lady
 ' *Athelia*, whom the World knows none can
 ' lay Claim to so high a Favour but myself
 ' and by reason my Courage disdains to digest
 ' so unpleasing a Disgrace, I have sent you this
 ' Defiance, to meet me single in the Castle-
 ' Trench after Dinner, there to dispute it with
 ' thy Sword; where I will severely chastise thy
 ' Insolence in crossing my Affections, and
 ' make thee sensible, that in all Things thou
 ' hast abus'd thy Superiour.

Almion.

Thalmo wondering at this unexpected News,
 and disdaining to be out-brav'd by a *Zanfari-*
an Prince, by his own Page return'd this.

The Answer.

' U Nderstanding by your Defiance, that for
 ' my Duty I pay to the Lady *Athelia*,
 ' you have assum'd that Title of being my
 ' School-Master, to correct me for that which
 ' yourself cannot avoid; my Nature is such,
 ' that I desire to live no longer, than to be de-
 ' priv'd of the Beauty of the fair *Athelia*: At
 ' the Time and Place appointed, my Sword
 ' shall demonstrate that my Affection is such to
 ' *Athelia*, that whilst here, I will live and die
 ' in her Service; and neither thy Valour, nor
 ' fear of Death shall raze her *Idea* out of my
 ' Memory.

Thalmo.

The

The Hour being come, *Thalmo* according to his Promise sail'd not to present himself; where instead of meeting his Rival *Almion*, he was treacherously encountred by a Crew of desperate Ruffians who were there by *Almion* plac'd in an Ambuscade to Murder him, who seeing they so fiercely approached him, instantly began to put himself in a posture of Defence to receive their Fury; where with a magnanimous Courage he dealt such gallant Blows among them, that at first, not able to endure his Valour, they were forc'd to retreat: But after re-assuming their strength, they very courageously flew upon him, where they so manfully behav'd themselves, that *Thalmo* not able to withstand their Force, was glad to retire, and take the Castle-Wall for his defence; where he so valiantly behav'd himself, that for recompence of their Treachery, he made many of them bear the weight, and undergo the sharpness of his *Sicilian* Sword: But in short, their Force bearing sway, and their Number Masterless he unfortunately received many dangerous Wounds, from whence issued out abundance of Blood, that finding his Body weak, and seeing his Senses fail him, thinking there was no way but Death, falling to the Ground, and gasping as he thought his last, he in Memory of his dear *Athelia* breath'd out these words: *Let my blood testify how well I loved Athelia, and retained constant even to the last.*

Thalmo had no sooner uttered these Words, but Prince *Plivio* being slumbring behind a Bank next adjoining, hearing the Name of *Athelia* repeated, immediately started up, and seeing the Prince his Cousin to be in danger
amongst

amongst these Russians, instantly flew into his Assistance; where making way with his Sword he lifted him on his feet, and so desiring him to be of good Courage, flew to his Adversaries, where he distributed such valorous strokes amongst them, that in short some fled, and the rest being vanquish'd, he triumphantly remain'd Conqueror; which was no sooner finish'd, but using his best Art and Industry bound up his Cousin's Wounds, and convey'd him to a skilful Chirurgeon there next adjoining, commanding him to dress him with all care imaginable; whereupon taking Horse, he speedily posted to the Court, and inform'd the Princess *Athelia*, of the sorrowful News; which when she heard, immediately fell in a trance *Plivio* beholding this unexpected Accident and wanting an Expedient, summon'd his Senses in their proper Order, and employed his utmost diligence for the Lady's recovery; which he very soon effected, begging her to be of good Comfort, for that there was no doubt to be made of *Thalmo's* Health. The Princess being therewith a little qualified, for a while appeas'd herself; yet continu'd weeping for his Misery, being sensible it was her Affection which induc'd him to so hazardous an Enterprize: But thinking how to demean herself in so Tragical an Event at last shedding many Tears, she resolv'd by his Friend *Plivio* to send a few Lines, as a Manifestation of her Affection, and as an Unguent preservative to his Wounds; so calling for Pen and Paper, she wrote to this Effect.

Athelia

Athelia to Thalgo.

Thalmo, the heavy News of thy Misfortune has implored my Affection to put Pen to Paper; and hath so overwhelm'd my Senses with Grief, that there is almost no words herein contained, but hath been washed with a Tear, nor no Syllable but hath been saluted with a Sigh: Yet since it is none but *Athelia* is the Original of thy Misfortune, I will to the utmost of my Power recompence thy Affections: So recommending my Sorrows to your favourable Censure, I unfeignedly am Yours as her own.

Athelia.

Thalgo receiving the Letter from Prince *Plivio*, found now by Experience, that the Distemper of the Mind far exceeds that of the Body; for it wrought such Miracles upon his Cure, that in few Days he was perfectly recover'd; and contemplating upon that favourable Epistle which his dear *Athelia* had sent him, and not to be Guilty of so high an Ingratitude in not returning an Answer, he enforcing himself to sit up; writ her these Lines.

Thalgo to the fair Athelia.

MAdam, the Honour you were pleased to afford to your unworthy Servant, has wrought such Wonders upon my Distemper, that no other Physician but yourself could have effected such a Cure, the Vertue thereof being so well applied, that the powerful Charm had

its

' its full Operation: Therefore, Madam,
 ' the Idea of your Divine Perfections will I
 ' ever fix my Memory, and exercise my Con-
 ' templations upon your matchless Beauty
 ' never forgetting my kind Preserver, but will
 ' continually offer up Millions of Thanks for
 ' the Receipt of so great a Blessing, and can
 ' feignedly remain,

Yours now and ever,

Thalmo

The Princess *Athelia* receiving the Letter
 was much pleas'd with the News of *Thalmo*'s
 Recovery, yet could not be satisfied with the
 Copy of the Letter without seeing the Original
 Hand that writ it; so that at last finding an
 Opportunity, when the King and Queens her
 Parents were absent, taking *Levina* with her, she
 instantly went to the Lodge, where she was
 advertised *Thalmo* was resident; being con-
 ducted to his Chamber, she beheld *Thalmo* very
 pensively walking alone, having his Arms
 pin'd up in a Scarf; he no sooner espy'd the
 Princess *Athelia*, but was transported beyond
 Measure, and forthwith embrac'd and kiss'd her
 Hands; their Eyes like piercing Aspects at-
 tracted each others sight, that like Ambassa-
 dors of Love they seem'd to ratifie a mutual
 Alliance: Their Tongues were silent for a
 while, till at last an amorous Blush had given
 leave to so pleasing an Encounter, *Athelia* ut-
 ter'd these Words.

' *Thalmo*, You may wonder at my unex-
 ' pected Arrival, and yet you may imagine
 ' the News of your Misfortune led me hither,

and not to keep you any longer in suspense,
I am now come in some measure to retaliate
your Affection, though indeed before I
thought it not convenient to take it so soon in
consideration; but since the Gods have so
decreed it, there is no resisting the Divine
Powers; therefore you may place your Hap-
piness where your kind Stars direct you,

Thalmo hearing this Celestial Lecture, per-
vived by the fervency of her Words that she
was d no more than Love did induce her;
very softly taking of her by her snowy Hand,
turn'd her this obliging Answer.

‘ Madam, your Words have so much Divi-
nity in themselves, that they carry a Power
with ’em, to whom they are directed; and
are a high Cordial to afflicted Spirits; the
Operation hath caused my Breast to triumph
o’er my Sickness, which heretofore I be-
lieved would not only have conquered my
Mind, but also cut off the Thread of my
Life; therefore welcome, dear Madam, to
your sorrowful *Thalmo*, and Millions of
Thanks to kind Fortune, for investing mine
Eyes with so heavenly an Object! But whi-
ther wander my Senses, that I forget my self
so much, as not to gratify your Love with
reciprocal Affection? But pardon me, dear
Madam, and attribute the Defects of my
Reason to the Distemper of my Weakness;
for I resolve that both now and ever to Ho-
nour and Adore you as the eternal Goddess of
my Prosperity; and esteem you as the sacred
Image of my Felicity.

To

To which *Athelia* answered, ' Prince *Thalmo*, where there is no Offence committed, consequence the Excuse ceaseth: Thy Action having cleared from Imputation; be timorous for thy Pardon is Sealed: Therefore advance in Love, and I will prosecute Affection; proceed in Amity, and I will respond in Friendship: For approbation which take here my Heart and Hand as stedfast Seal of immortal Constancy; going before the Imperial Throne of Heaven to establish only *Thalmo* for my Lord and Husband.

Thalmo esteeming himself exceeding fortunate with this Angelical Reply, and in Congratulation of her protested Amity, return'd her the Answer.

' Madam, Your sincere Affection creates in me such Raptures, and has so great an influence over all my Senses, that in Retaliation on, I vow not only to dedicate my zealous Devotions to so beautiful a Shrine, but also resolve to remain for ever your Loyal Servant.

With many amorous Ceremonies they firmly contracted themselves; and in such an affectionate manner, that neither the Frowns of Fortune, or Treachery of Time, or the Flattery of Insinuation, could either blast their flourishing Friendship; or once daunt their immovable Fidelity: So that having brought this happy Couple to a sacred Union, we will for

While leave them; and discourse of the strange accidents which befel the Lady *Florina*. *Florina* living very sorrowful in her desolate castle, was at last by King *Agenor* her Father, commanded to Court without any delay; whereat being exceedingly discontented, in respect it would hinder Devotions due to Prince *Aleodor*; and being a faithful Admirer of his perfections, utterly refus'd thereunto to condescend. The King being inform'd of her Obstinacy, immediately sent forth Messengers to force her to the Court: But she being before acquainted with it, consulted with herself how to avoid her Father's Indignation. At last knowing no other means for her Escape, than to shelter herself under some Peasant's Cottage, laying aside her Princely Extraction and grandeur, she pursu'd her intended purpose: so that reaping an exceeding Delight, to see the homely Shepherds lead their Milkwhite flocks to the fragrant Fields, and to hear divers Quires of harmonious Birds chanting forth their pleasant Notes; she remained there a long time as well contented, as a Lady in her State could contain herself, which was oppress'd in Love: till on a Day bearing a Shepherd's Company. to the Fields, directly in the close of the Evening, when the Golden Sun was declining and leaving the Horizon to give light to our *Antipodes*, and the pale-faced silver Moon gave notice to Pilgrims of their Repose; with these our two Females were returning from folding their Flocks, *Florina* hiding herself under the Canopy of a sprouting Fig-Tree, sung with an excellent Voice these Lines.

Hence

Hence Cupid with your cheating Toys,
 Your real Griefs and painted Joys.-
 Your Pleasures which itself destroys,
 Love, like Men in Fevers burn and rave,
 And only what ensures them does deceive:
 Man's weakness makes Love so severe,
 They give them power by their fear,
 And make the Shackles which they wear.
 Who to another do's his Heart submit,
 Makes his own Idol, and does worship it.
 Him whose Heart is all his own,
 Peace and Liberty does Crown,
 He apprehends no killing frown;
 Feels no Raptures which are Joys diseas'd,
 And is not much transported, but still pleas'd.

The Shepherdes seeing *Florina* had now ended, entreated her to repair home; they had not long tript over the diaper'd Fields, but they beheld a very young Stripling, which hastily drew towards them, who being almost out of breath with running; to the Lady *Florina* brought this Message.

' Madam, I am on purpose sent to beg you
 ' instantly to hide yourselves in some secret
 ' Grove; for there are arriv'd to our Cottage
 ' four or five, which come in search for you
 ' and have very much wounded my Father for
 ' concealing you: Therefore make no delay.
 ' Madam, if you value your own Preservation
 ' and since the Laws of Nature and Humanity
 ' obliges me to aid all Ladies in Affliction,
 ' will, if you please, conduct you with safety
 ' through the Woods and Vineyards, where

doubt

doubt not but you may remain with most assured Privacy.

Florina wondering at her Father's Cruelty; yet pleas'd at the Shepherd's Civility, pondering with herself which way to wander in this Exigency; at last following the Youth's Advice, she desir'd the Shepherdesse to bear her Company, so directing their Course to the Seaside, which in two days they attain'd, without being espy'd of any: But they were no sooner arrived to a harbouring Town, but they were inform'd, that there was likewise Search made for her Apprehension; whereat being almost over-whelm'd with Passion, and vanquish'd with Affection, they immediately left the Town, and cross'd the Strand: Tracing upon the Borders of the Sea, they arriv'd to a little Creek, where espying an aged Fisher-men in his Cock-boat, repairing his Nets, having given him the Time of the Day, ask'd him, If he would, for Recreation, transport them a League on the Sea? The Fisher-man demanding a Recompence, they thereunto agreed; so with a merry Gale, which blew the Sail from the bending Mast, they put to Sea, where delighting to see the old Man take store of Fish, and to feel the Boat dance on the azur'd Seas. In this manner they pass'd away the Time, till Night gave them a Summons to return: But before *Florina* reach'd the Shoar, she demonstrated her Estate to the Fisherman, and begg'd him with Tears in her Eyes, to assist her in this her miserable Distress, and for her Safety to convey her every Day on the Sea. The old Man pitying her Estate, and being infligated

stigated by her Liberality, soon to her so reasonable a Requested, voluntarily condescended : Which course they many days observed, with as much joy to *Florina*, as if she had now been triumphing in her former Dignity ; till at last Fortune resolving to add more Misery to her Afflictions, caused her, very unexpectedly, for to fall within the Labyrinth of a greater Misfortune ; for they so long Time daily went to Sea, till at length being two Leagues from the Shore, they were espy'd by a Pinnace, which ranged close along by the Cliffs, to trap some Purchase, who hoisting their Sails, came directly towards them ; and so making speedy way, did very soon cut their Boat from the Shore, commanding them to the Main ; which doleful Sentence alarm'd our weak Company, and made them almost die with Grief, to think on their disastrous Calamity ; but especially the Lady *Florina*, from whose Eyes distill'd many pearled Tears, which as the perfect Messengers of Sorrow, did apparently demonstrate her insupportable Grief ; but all, alas ! in vain, for there was no remedy to assist her, nor no undaunted *Alcides* near hand to rescue her from their Cruelty ; but they were very rigorously commanded to come aboard ; which with a faint Courage and

and sorrowful Resolution, they effected, *Florina* being the last that enter'd, whom the Turkish Slaves no sooner beheld, but casting their Eyes upon Angelical Beauty, clapping their Hands, and throwing up their Caps; being glad they had got so glorious a Prize to present their *Sultan*. The Comfortless *Florina* hanging down her Head with Despair, thought she was now on the Stage, where the Catastrophe of her Tragedy should be acted.

But the Captain of this cursed Crew, discreetly beholding her Beauty, did from the Influence of her constant Eyes, and modest Aspect, conceive she was a virtuous Person, and of great Extraction; in respect whereof he discharged the rest, and retain'd only perplex'd *Florina* which he commanded to be entertained with all Respect and Favour imaginable; and the better to effect it, he forsook his Cabin, and lodg'd her in it, charging his Page to attend her with as great Diligence, as on his own Person; so that *Florina* might perceive, that as they entertain'd her with that Civility, so they likewise honoured her, by never attempting to violate her Chastity, which she a thousand Times esteem'd more dear than her Life: But again remembering Prince *Medor*, she would weep,

as if his absent Idea had a regal Prerogative to create her Tears ; many bitter Sighs she likewise Eccho'd forth and blam'd the unfortunate Fates for investing her with this disastrous Accident. In her Contemplation, she ruminated upon his Perfections ; but again pondering upon his Absence, and her own present Misery, she would forthwith burst into publick Exclamations, cursing the inhuman Destinies for investing her Breast with such an Aggravation. Which the Captain perceiving, began most affectionately to comfort her despairing Courage ; adding moreover, with the industrious Art of his fluent Rhetorick, that no improbious or malevolent Proceedings should be exercised against her but such respect should be paid her as was equivalent to her Virtue. But alas, *Florina* not minding his Words, could reap no benefit by the Anagram of his Speeches, but still most bitterly bewail'd her Misfortune, lying prostrate in her Cell of Misery ; where leaving her with the Captain of the Pinace, which resolv'd to transport her for *Constantinople*, we will commit her to the favourable Occurrence of Fortune, and return to *Plivio* and *Merfilva*.

Prince *Plivio* being inform'd of his Cousin's Proceedings, and of the fortunate Success

Success he had receiv'd in his Amours, began to conceive some Motions of Hope, by the means of the Lady *Athelia*, to obtain his desired *Merfilva*: Upon which Foundation he accountred himself in white Sattin, cut upon white Damask, and went to the Court; but being inform'd she was with the Queen, the Lady *Athelia*, and other Ladies, hunting in the Forest, he immediately mounted his Courser, and with a swift pace posited thither; where he no sooner arrived, but hearing the shril Cry of the Hounds, and the loud sounding of the Horns, thinking the Huntsmen were on the foot of the Game, being a desirous Spectator, but more zealous to behold the Beauty of the fair *Merfilva*, with an earnest Resolution made his Jennet advance; where traversing the Thickets, we will for a while leave them, and discourse of the Adventures which happened to the Lady *Merfilva*.

In the midst of the Game it so chanced that the Deer which they chased, escaped from their sight; and the Troops of Knights and Ladies dispers'd themselves to entrap him; amongst the rest, there was a young Cavalier named *Bilbion*, which a long Time had burn'd with Affection for the Princess *Merfilva*, and could never reap any fit opportunity

to disclose himself, tho' by all Means sought to Sequester her from the Company. At last *Fortune* determining with her Beauty to administer a treacherous Accident, did by her Influence cause the harmless Princess to stray from the sight of her Associates; where ranging discontentedly, as if her Courage had been already vanquish'd by Despair, was at last most unfortunately met by this *Blibion*, who being exceedingly transported with this News, giving Spurs to his Horse, and Speed to his Courage, in a short space overtook her, where with these indecent Words, he impudently saluted her.

' Madam! I have a long time endured
' many Millions of Perplexities, which
' your Divine Beauty hath created; and
' I hope since Destiny is so favourable as
' to present my Eyes with so sweet an
' Object, that you will be pleas'd to
' grant my Affection the fruition of my
' ardent Desires; and let my Breast enjoy
' those Heavenly Pleasures of your am-
' rous Embraces, without which, you
' will fully accomplish my untimely
' Martyrdom.

Mersilva smiling at his fond Speeches, but being moved at his immodesty, dying her Cheeks with a Vermilion Blush, very sharply return'd him this Answer.

' Sir!

' Sir! If your vicious self had been ever train'd up in the School of Virtue, you would have temper'd your Words with Discretion, and not so lavishly presum'd to offend a chaste Lady's Ears with such Obscenity; but since your sottish Tongue hath uttered that which cannot be recall'd, know impudent Villain, that I abhor thy Suit, as the utter prejudice of my unspotted Honour, and detest thyself as the inhuman Actor of my immortal Degradation; therefore with speed depart, and instantly bid adieu to your abrupt Folly; otherwise I will acquaint the King of thy lascivious Enterprize, and instigate him to reward thy Offence, with the deserv'd Punishment of thy demerits. *Blithion* nothing dismay'd at this Answer, but rather increased the Flames of his lascivious Desire; instantly prosecuted his Suit in this manner.

' Madam, stand not so much on your Punctilio's of Disdain; but rather consider with yourself where you now are; for at present you are destitute from the Court, and of Assistance; so that your Honour and Life is at my disposal; and to inform you of my Resolution, I will not be denied with Refusals, nor deluded by Delays; for in spight of Fortune, I must satisfy my Love,
E. 4. and

and reap the enjoyment of my long
 desired Expectation : Therefore, Ma-
 dam, pray readily consent, and furnish
 your Tongue no more with your ele-
 gant Expressions of Coyness ; other-
 wise you will enforce me after En-
 joyment, to use you with such Barba-
 rity, as my Nature would scarce pro-
 fer to your lovely Sex, much less to
 you, Madam, who I did ever adore :
 Come, Madam, I believe you want
 as much Courting as some Widows
 do ; which I'll inform you of their
 Expectations.

Sings. *He that would win a Widow's Heart ;
 must bear up briskly to her ;
 She loves the Lad that's free and smart,
 but hates the formal Wooer.*

Mersilva greatly astonish'd at him, be-
 gan exceedingly to weep, and sighing
 as if her Breast would rend in sunder
 with insupportable Grief, continually in-
 voking the Divine Powers to revenge
 her Quarrel, and to shelter her from
 the Rapine of this immodest Knight ;
 at last considering that Silence was a
 Demonstration of Consent, disdaining
 ever to stain her Honour, she summoned
 her angry Muses, and very resolutely
 with

with an Undauntedness returned him this Answer.

‘ Inhumane Knight! Since Reason will not allay your Cruelty, in permitting me to depart without blemishing my Honour, be assured, that rather than I will once consent to thy lascivious Demand, I will voluntarily be the Instrument of my untimely Martyrdom. Thereupon unsheathing a Poniard which she wore, as a second *Lucretia*, she resolved to destroy herself; but the devilish Knight espying, wresting it from her hand, prevented her; and catching hold of the Bridle, dismounted her; whereat being overcome with fear, in a Trance fell to the Ground, where metamorphosing her Cherry colour to a pale Complexion; she there lay Speechless, but coming again to herself, *Blethion* proceeded.

‘ Madam, ’Tis in vain to resist, where there is none to rescue you; yet were *Hercules* himself present, he should not hinder me of my Purpose; for my sensual Ardour cannot be extinguished without accumulating the Roses of your Divine Virginity. Which having ended, *Mersilva* falling on her Knees, with tears trickling down her Cheeks, beseeched him in these Words.

‘ Sir!

‘ Sir ! Pity the Estate of an innocent
 ‘ Damsel, and rather sheath your Ra-
 ‘ pier in my Breast, than bereave me of
 ‘ what I esteem more precious than
 ‘ my Life ; erect not I beseech you,
 ‘ your Trophies of Pleasure in the vio-
 ‘ lation of my Honour, or depriving the
 ‘ inward Treasure of my unspotted Cha-
 ‘ stity. But the doleful Confluence of
 her Tears imbath’d her fluttering Tongue
 in Silence, that her exterior Fortitude
 permitting her not to decypher her in-
 ward Grief, she lay for a while Sense-
 less, as if her Thoughts had been smother’d
 up in Disconsolateness ; when arousing
 her sorrowful Mind with the Contem-
 plation of approaching Danger, she
 suddenly started up, and most inhu-
 manely tore the Tresses of golden Hair,
 wherewith Nature had gloriously imbel-
 lished her ; which Tragical Object might
 have moved the most bloody *Scythian* to
 Pity ; nay, have caused the senseless ob-
 durate Rocks themselves to weep, and
 have taken Compassion upon her deplora-
 ble Condition.

But *Blithion* not moved with Remorse,
 but rather burning with inordinate De-
 sire, to extenuate the Fire of his insati-
 able Lust, esteem’d every Minute a Month
 before he had perfected his Diabolical
 Enterprize ; so that excepting of no Rea-
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son, nor Imploration, taking her by the trembling Hand, he most viciously began to embrace her; when being ready to make Shipwreck of her Honour, behold, *Plivio* came Galloping very furiously; which *Merfilva* to her Comfort espying, loudly cry'd out ' Ah *Plivio* ! ' as you tender my Affection, and value my Honour, assist your distressed *Merfilva*, and revenge the devilish Presence of this inhumane Monster with the Reward of just Punishment.

Plivio perceiving it to be his dear *Merfilva*, being inflamed with Revenge, instantly leaping from his Horse, with his Sword drawn, approaching his Enemy, very furiously uttered these Words: ' Slave ' and Villain, make ready thy Sword, ' for thou immediately diest: Which words he no sooner pronounced, but in a Moment he lodg'd his Sword in the Offender's Breast; where receiving his Reward, and falling gasping to the Ground, *Plivio* first cut off his lascivious Tongue, and then sent his Soul to the Confines of *Pluto*, to tell *Tereus* and *Tamquin* he was one of their wicked Disciples.

Which *Merfilva* with Joy perceiving ran to *Plivio*, falling first to his Feet, and then again arising, embrac'd and kiss'd him, when after having given him many hearty

heartly Thanks, seconded by Showers of Tears, she related to him the whole Proceedings ; the which when *Plivio* understood, he esteem'd himself extraordinary happy, that the Fates appointed him to arrive in so fortunate an Hour ; and so having comforted his now even comfortless *Merfilva*, remounting her on her Milk-white Courser, posting together, they resolved to find out the Queen : to whose Presence being arrived, sitting with her Ladies under the pleasant Shades of Fig-trees, whose spacious Leaves kept them from the Power of the Sun's Influence ; to them he gave a Relation of this Adventure, which *Merfilva* verified by a fresh Shower of pearled Tears, which like Dew on Damask Roses, distilled on her sorrowful Cheeks. Which when the Queen, together with her Daughter the Princess *Atbelia*, and the rest of the Ladies understood, they prais'd the Divine Powers, and gave likewise incessant Thanks to *Plivio*, for his undaunted Magnanimity, and excèdingly congratulated the Princess *Merfilva*'s Preservation : They left the Forest, and return'd to the Court, where they were no sooner arriv'd, but the Queen immediately made the King therewith acquainted ; who highly commended Prince *Plivio* for his Valour ; and in consideration

there of

hereof honourably advanc'd him: which adding more hope to *Plivio's* desir'd Enterprize, made him not a little rejoyce at the accidental Event of such great Fortune; for perceiving himself much in the King and Queen's Favour, and likewise in the Princess *Athelia's*, in respect of her best beloved *Thalmo*; and then beholding his adored *Merfilva* reap such satisfaction in enjoying his Presence; whereupon remaining continually in the Court, he at last found *Merfilva* in her Closet; to whom he amorously address'd himself.

' Madam, all alone? a Kiss of your fair Hand for your best Thoughts. Not alone Sir, *says she*, for my Thoughts are my best Companions; yet my Contemplations are so frivolous, that less than what you nominate may purchase them.

The Prince being transported to see her in so facetious a Humour, resolving to prosecute his Amours, continued: ' Why fair *Merfilva*, less than a Kiss from your fair Hand, or a smile from those Lips, is in Effect nothing; and Ladies will scarce thank their Lovers with so slender an Affection. Indeed, Sir, *says she*, I'll prove that to the contrary, for they are many times so effectual, that it raises their Lovers to so great a height of Ambition, that ma-

ny times they take too much Privilege.

I, but Madam, replied *Plivio*, these are Shadows without Substance ; for there is some difference between Presence and Performance ; for the one is the other's contrary. So taking up her Hand, he advanc'd it to his Lips, and kist it ; whereupon, with a sharp Rebuke, she return'd him this Answer.

Sir, I little thought your Proceedings would have been so peremptory ; for had I but once judg'd your Actions would have been of so large an Extent, my Absence should have given you an utter Denial.

The Prince seeing her Patience a little moved, thought to ballance his Offence with an humble Answer ; and in this manner address'd himself.

Madam, your Anger carries such a Power, that where-ever it steers its Course, it sits Triumphant : Had I thought my innocent Actions would have so soon incurr'd your Displeasure, I would have prevented, by my Care, what has now happened.

Whereupon the Princess *Merfilva* reply'd, I see now 'tis my Favour, which is the occasion of this Disorder, therefore to avoid the like for the future, you

you may as you came depart, and return when you are sent for.

' Madam, *reply'd the Prince*, If the Demonstrations of my Passion has created in you this Displeasure, I beseech you impute it to my Affection, which was the chief occasion; and [as a Reward of my Crime, inflict on me what Punishment you think shall be Equivalent to the Offence.

The Princess *Mersilva* hereat blush'd, but in such affectionate manner, as if both Love and Disdain sat on her Cheeks, striving for Supremacy; yet at last considering she had advanc'd her words so far, and seeing the Subject so small, whereon she had grounded her Anger, instantly departed, leaving poor *Plivio* oppress'd with Love: sometimes he would walk about her Chamber, crying out, *O Gods, must I never be acquainted with your Power, but only through those miseries you cast upon me by it? alas! why do you furnish me with so much Frailty, and yet pre-
wake me to Dispair?* Then he would Slumber, and in his Drowziness dream of *Mersilva's* Cruelty; and in revenge thereof tear his Hair: In which Posture he so long remained, till at last *Mersilva* returned; who astonish'd to see him there present, forgetting her former Anger, asked him pleasantly, What Wind blew him

him thither? Whereupon striving to abolish his Grief, fetching a Sigh, he mildly return'd her this Answer.

' Madam, It is your alone Cruelty which hath created my Sorrows, and if you did not Triumph o'er my Misery, you would with Justice pity my Madam; therefore, Madam, I beseech you be not prolix in those Favours you are pleased to confer on me, but rather let me know my Destiny, whether I shall live your Admirer, or die your Martyr.

The Princess observing with what fervent Zeal he pleaded, did instantly, and being inspir'd with Affection, return him this Answer.

' Prince *Plivio*, your Value and Virtue, having combin'd their charming force in the band of Unity, hath long since in my Breast made way for your Affection in such a manner that being conquer'd by the Aspect of your Magnanimity, I in all Honour remain yours; and though I have hitherto restrain'd discovering of my Affections yet impute it not to the defect of my Benevolence, but rather to the Zeal which I had to make proof of your Constancy: But now I call the Gods to witness, that from my Heart I

dore none but *Plivio*, which is the bright Morning Star of my Felicity.

The Prince in Congratulation of this Happiness, very familiarly return'd her this Reply.

' Most Divine *Mersilva* ! if my Tongue could express, or my Mind discover the flourishing and never dying Fidelity, which is imprinted in my Breast, I should acknowledge myself bound to Nature, and indebted to Art, for enduing me with so great a Felicity : But since the Creator of my deliverance cannot sufficiently stamp the Interior Characters of my Cogitations, nor the Discoverer of my Secrets, enough worthily decypher my Affections yet I beseech you believe that I have grounded my Constancy upon so sure a Foundation, and my Fidelity upon so firm a Resolution, that neither the alluring Events of Prosperity, nor the terrifying Threats of Misfortune, can either extenuate by flattering Shadows, or extinguish by frowning Substance.

Mersilva hearing his friendly Answer, comforted her Senses with the assurance of his Affection, and mildly return'd him this kind Answer.

' Dear *Plivio*, being heretofore a Prisoner, I am by your kind Aid and Assistance set at Liberty; yet when I remember

' member the Estate of King *Samor* my
 ' Father, I cannot forbear weeping, in
 ' that I should so unadvisedly bereave
 ' him of a Daughter ; but yet the U-
 ' nity of our Love link'd me to your Af-
 ' fection ; and in ruminating on your
 ' Virtues, I infuse his Memory in the
 ' twist of Oblivion : So that Condemn
 ' me not of Disobedience, in being O-
 ' bedient to yourself, or impute not the
 ' Title of inhumane Ignorance to my
 ' Charge, in respect it is your Virtues
 ' which Unite me to your Affections.
 And with that Showers of Tears trickled
 down her Cheeks ; which the Prince
 perceiving, endeavouring to Comfort her,
 said to her.

' Weep not, fair *Merfilva*, but let now
 ' the radiant Aspect of our fixed Amours,
 ' abandon the residence of Sorrow ; let
 ' the Memory of our tender Affections
 ' drown the Waves of Discontent ; and
 ' let the Novelty of our Friendship
 ' triumph over insinuating Disconsola-
 ' tion. The Gods seem to Sympathize
 ' our Amity, and Fortune herself de-
 ' lights to Crown our Friendship : Fair
 ' *Merfilva* ! Despare is the Path-way to
 ' Destruction : therefore chear up your
 ' Spirits, and let a pleasant Countenance
 ' give Sorrow the Overthrow ; and think
 ' not that my Familiarity shall prejudice
 ' your

your Estate, or diminish your Grandeur, for then were my Solicitations feigned, and my Affections folly ; but the Purity of my pretence, and the event of Time shall inform you to the contrary, for *Plivio* will live and die only to adore sweet *Merfilva*.

Whereupon *Merfilva* reply'd, ' Having an assured Hope, that you will perform no less than your Promise, I in Consideration vow to be wholly yours, and none but Death shall separate us. Thanks dear *Merfilva*, *Plivio* reply'd, and to retalliate your Affection, take my Heart and Hand, in pledge of my immortal Constancy ; vowing before the Imperial Throne of Heaven, that nothing shall withdraw my Zeal from serving and honouring *Merfilva*.

Thus having plighted their Troths to each other, they a long time remained placing themselves ; till at last Night approaching, which summon'd Prince *Plivio* to depart : when taking his Angelical Saint by the Hand, and fixing his Eyes upon the Divine Mirrour of her Heavenly Beauty, he with a Sigh gave her this friendly Farewell.

' Dear *Merfilva*, I must now be constrained to leave you to the Chaos of your ruminating Contemplations ; but I will repair to my Closet, and there contrive

contrive Means for establishing our future Tranquility; so that till I am again made fortunate, by enjoying the Excellency of your divine Presence I in all faithful Affection take my sorrowful Leave.

Mersilva changing her Countenance to a pale Complexion, with Tears made him this Answer.

‘ Dear *Plivio*, as you value my Affection, let your return be with Expedition for fear, lest wanting your Presence, I immediately die in the Contemplation of your Absence; therefore at my sincere Request, satisfy my ardent Expectation; and in recompence thereof as I intend to live in your Favour, so I resolve to die in your virtuous Affection. Thus with many Sighs at parting *Mersilva* went to her Closet; and *Plivio* betook himself to converse with his Cousin *Thalmo*, to whom he related the Event of his fortunate Proceedings, and the prosperous Conclusions of his amorous Enterprize; who being exceedingly satisfied, ask’d if his Lady were contented to leave the Court and Travel with him: He told him he had motion’d it to her, and her Reply was very Effectual, that she would accompany me as far as the Confines of the World would permit, or I desire. ‘ Why then

‘ reply’d

reply'd *Tea-mo*, the Princess *Athelia* and *Merfilva* sympathize in one Agreement, and she vows no more than *Athelia* desires to perform. To reside here is but Folly, in respect we are absent from our Native Country; and to acquaint any with our Affections is not proper; therefore let us hasten our departure, and direct our Course to our own Residence; lest prolixity of Time discover the Secrets of our Pretence, and so the beginning of our Hopes be crost by Envy, in the bloomy Blossoms of their Maturity; which to avoid, let us with speed thro' the Woods and Forests, convey our Ladies from Sight of any; for if the Report of our Departure reaches the Ears of King *Bri-dion*, he will, without question, use his utmost Severity against us, and either deprive us of our Lives and Liberties.

Prince *Plivio* attentively listned to his Cousin's Exhortations, and allowed well the Design, which he had contrived for their Retirement; the which the better to accomplish, he desired his Cousin *Almo*, to acquaint the Princess *Athelia* with it, and he would do the like to the Princess *Merfilva*, to the end, that when the Hour of Departure should be assign'd they might put themselves in an Equipage,

page, and get such things ready, as might be necessary for their Journey: Upon which Resolution, each departed to their respective Lodgings, and in many amorous Terms, declared their Resolutions, and not only discovered their Births, but also their true Names; the which, when they were sooner understood, were extreamly satisfied, and to their Resolutions, very soon condescended.

By this time our two Princes having apparent Proofs of each others Affection, and burning with Desire to set forward their enterprizes; instantly appointed the next Night following at the outer Gate, betwixt Twelve and One, that they would attend the happy Arrivals of their dear Princesses; which Warning, though short, seem'd so sweet to the Ladies Imaginations, that they very pleasantly concluded the Time in familiar Discourse till at last the Hour, as they thought they were come, and no Princes appearing, they metamorphos'd their Mirth to Melancholiness, and their Joy to Discontent: but alas! these Ladies were deceiv'd; for the Dial of their Fancy, which told the Hour of Assignment, before the Horologe sounded, and the Clock of their Imaginations struck Twelve and One ere the Essence of Twelve, and far from Eleven, was in Election to be finish'd.

might in such sorrowful manner they pass
Upon the time, till at last their two Princes
arriv'd, giving a shrill Hollow, which
serv'd for a Watch word ; which the
Ladies, to their Delight no sooner heard
without re-assuming their Courage, and a
Vermillion Blush taking Possession of their
Milk-white Cheeks, they in their travel-
ling Apparel descended ; at whose glo-
rious Appearance, our two Princes ad-
vanc'd, and saluted them ; no words
could they utter, because their Tongues,
by the Power of Love, were devoted to
silence, but all that pass'd were Vol-
umes of Sighs ; which redoubling, each
other strove which should first unite
each others Heart with the sympathy of
Affection. But in short, and in a Mo-
ment, they heard in the Palace a great
Noise, as if all the Court had been in an
Uproar ; which so amazed them, that
they knew not how to save themselves,
nor where to convey their Ladies: till
at last *Thalmo* knowing their Estate de-
perate, and perceiving it now behoved
him to cast at all, either to lose his own
life, or his dear *Athelia*, whom he
esteem'd far more precious ; re-assuming
his Courage, he to his trembling Associ-
ates said as followeth.

Prince *Plivio*, this is no time for us to
dally with, therefore with undaunted
Courage

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“ Courage lead forth your Lady, and
“ any presume to stop your Passage, in
“ stantly sheath your Sword in the per
“ fidious Slave’s Breast ; and without pro
“ licity send his servile Soul to the Com
“ mon-wealth of *Pluto*, for a meritorious
“ Sacrifice: And you, illustrious Ladies
“ fear nothing, for your Virtues are
“ sufficient Bulwark for your Preserva
“ tion.

Which said, they went hand in hand
without finding any to resist ’em, and
finding the Porter in his Lodge asleep
privately took from him the Keys of
the Palace ; when unbolting the outward
Gate, they without making any Noise
issued forth, where they found the
Pages, each with a Horse attending
them. Glad of this News, taking the
Ladies behind them, they immediately
mounted, and with speed gallop’d through
the Streets ; where in a short Time ha
ving past both Town and Suburbs, they
at last began to consider what Course
to take ; fearing that when the King missed
the Princess, he should with all possible
Celerity make speed for their Apprehen
sion, they finally resolv’d to go through
the Woods and Forests, the better to
shelter them from the Sight of any who
should presume to follow ’em ; by virtue
of which Resolution, they made their
N

Night such speed, that before Morning,
they found themselves very near twenty
leagues from the Court. On the next
Morning as they were swiftly riding by
Forest Side, through the Branches they
spy'd a very pleasant Cottage; which
both *Athelia* and *Merfilvia* desirous to en-
ter, requested their Princes to alight and
accompany them, who glad in any thing
that might procure their Ladies Refresh-
ment thereunto condescended; so leav-
ing their Pages with their Horses, they
enter the Forest, directing their Way to
the Cottage; where they no sooner ar-
riv'd, but thinking to find some Shep-
herdess, instead thereof, beheld a very
beautiful young Man, who seemed to
be overcome with Grief, sitting very sor-
owfully slumbering on a green Bank,
having a Book, Pen, Ink, and Paper
close by him; and hearing the Sound of
their Voices, he rousing up his Spirits,
came and saluted them in this manner.

Renowned Knights, and fair Ladies:
admire not at my Sorrows, nor wonder
at my Disconsolateness, for it is pow-
erful Fortune which hath invested me
with this miserable Calamity; but to
contumace his Tyranny, and to triumph
over his usurpation, I have here solitarily
confin'd myself to this Grove, to live, al-

tho' not so well contented as I could wish, yet so well pleas'd as one in my Estate can receive; my rural Cottage affords no Dainties, but Poverty; yet such as it is, if you please to accept, shall render my self most fortunate, and in whatever it comes short of your Expectation, I will supply in Freeness of Service and Thanks.

Our Princes and Ladies perceiving of his good Humour, and the nature of his kind Proffers, thinking themselves far indebted to his Bounty, Prince Palatine very friendly return'd him this Answer.

Sir, the Friendship which in our Travels you are pleased to afford us, are of that extent, that we find ourselves so far in Arrears, that we absolutely confess our Weakness for to be such, as our Tongues cannot at present repay you with a just Recompence for your unmerited Favours; nevertheless, according to the Actions of Reason, and Rules of Amity, we return you our very hearty Thanks for this your extraordinary Humanity, assuring you, that if ever any favourable Subject presents, wherein in Honour we may partly retaliate your Civility, you shall find us generally so

willing,

willing, as the Effects thereof shall no ways tax us of Ingratitude.

Which was no sooner pronounc'd, but the Stranger taking the two Ladies by the Hands, requested them, and the two Princes to enter his Hermitage; where he presented them with a Banquet of dry'd Figs, Dates, and Apricocks, with other Fruits, as that Country did afford; which being ended, he ask'd the Ladies if they would please to recreate themselves in the Garden; the which they very thankfully accepted of, so the Princes leading them, and the Stranger shewing the way, forth they went; where passing through a fragrant Walk, beset with Fir-Trees, they at last attain'd the Entrance of the Garden; where they were no sooner arriv'd, but the two Princesses after having view'd the odoriferous Flowers, and the fragrant Herbs, they to avoid the Sun's brightness, and heat, with as much Celerity as Modesty would permit, betook themselves to the Bowers, where their beloved Princes with divine Salutes and Compliments, congratulated them their happy Welcome: the Stranger viewing their innocent Familiarity, immediately wept, as if those heavenly Objects had some regal-Prerogative to command his Tears; but to drive away

his Sorrows which his Passion had created
he went to his Cottage, and returning
speedily, brought with him an harmonious
Lute; the which after having tun'd,
joining his excellent Voice, he sung these
Lines.

*Wake all ye dead, what ho! what ho!
How soundly they sleep whose Pillows lie low:
They mind not poor Lovers: that walk above,
On the Decks of the World, in Storms of Love;
No whispering now, nor glance can pass,
Through Wicket or through Panes of Glass:
The Windows and Doors are shut up and barr'd
They lie close in the Church & in the Churchyard:
In every Grave make room, make room,
For the World's at an end, and I come, I come.*

*The State is now Love's Friend, Love's Friend,
Has seiz'd on his Arms, his Quiver and his Bow,
He has pinion'd his Wings and fetter'd his Feet,
Because he made way for poor Lovers to meet,
But oh sad Fate! his Fudge was old,
Hearts cruel are when Blood grows cold.
No Man being young, his Process could draw;
Oh Heav'n! that Love should be subject to Law.
Let Lovers go woo the dead, the dead,
Lie two in a Crave, and two in a Bed.*

No sooner had he ended these Lines,
but he instantly began afresh to weep,
and so determining to assuage his Sor-
rows,

... with a Compliment he presently
 walking a distance from them
 in a fair Summer-house; the which our
 Royal Couples perceiving began imme-
 diately to surmise that he was in Love
 with some cruel Lady, whose rigorous
 Repulse was the Motive of his Passion;
 but pondering on his Grief by their own
 Sorrows, and his Disconsolateness by
 their own late Distemper, they all be-
 wail'd his Misfortune, and compassionat-
 ed his Affliction; lamenting that ever
 their Arrival should renew his Grief, or
 bring that afresh into his Memory which
 proved his Torment. At length *Albilia*
 and *Merfilva* rose up, which *Thalmeno* and
Palmo no sooner perceiv'd, but they
 followed them; where passing along by
 a stately Pine-Tree, they upon the Bark
 thereof espy'd some Characters to be curi-
 ously carv'd, and approaching near, they
 read these Words.

[The Idea of *Florina* shall never depart
 my Memory.]

Which Characters perusing, and pon-
 dering what the Lady therein mention'd
 might be, they immediately went and
 advertis'd *Thalmeno* and *Palmo*, who were
 walking at some distance, who not a little
 admiring to hear the Name of *Florina* there

decypher'd, began to conjecture that that he might be Prince *Medor*: ~~and~~ spect whereof, to satisfy their ardent Desire, they with their Ladies went towards him, where being entred the Bower, *Thalmeno* deliver'd himself in these Words.

‘ Sir, I beseech you in Friendship to certify to me, whether you are acquainted with the Princess *Florina*, Daughter unto the King of *Numidia*, and also whether you know Prince *Medor*, Son unto the King of *Blasara*.

The Stranger no sooner heard pronounced the sacred Name of *Florina*, but he instantly fell to the Ground; when closing his Eyes, one would have thought he resolv'd as then to take his Farewel of the World; the which our Princesses no sooner beheld, but they so employed their best skill, that in a short time he recover'd; and raising himself, he in a sighing manner breath'd out these Words.

‘ Ah *Florina*! whose Name infuseth Life to my weak Senses; then fetching a deep Sigh, said, ‘ Most Generous Knights and beautiful Ladies, I have had the Happiness to be acquainted with the Princess *Florina*, and am that

unfortunate *Medor* which you enquire for; unfortunate I may well declare, in being absent from *Florina*, the Memory of Divine Beauty hath this many Months been the Goddess of my Devotions; therefore I beseech you, if you can give me any Information of that worthy Person, I would beg you in all Humanity to ease my Mind; and to Congratulate your Civility, I will for ever remain your affectionate Servant.

To which *Thalmeno* reply'd, ' Prince *Medor*, as you have with that Civility received us, so I will no longer conceal from you those which are your Debtors; I am *Thalmeno*, Son and Heir to the King of *Cicilia*, and the Prince my Cousin, Son to the King of *Egypt*; who some two Years since resolv'd to Travel, having departed from from my Father's Court, directing our Course to *Africa*, and Journying three Days alone being destitute of a Guide and unskilful of the Country, by misfortune stray'd into an unknown Desert; but *Fortune* willing to intermix our bitter Sorrows with some Pleasures, conducted us fortunately to a beautiful Castle, which entring, we found the Princess *Florina* thereof the desolate

' Inhabitant, who having forsaken her
 ' Father's Court, vow'd to remain, un-
 ' til the joyful Return of your Pſincely
 ' ſelf ; therefore Prince *Medor*, if you
 ' pleaſe to Honour us with your good
 ' Company, we are bound for *Cicilia*,
 ' and immediately upon our Arrivals,
 ' with leave of the Powers Divine, we
 ' will conduct you to the melancholy
 ' Place of her ſolitary Retirement.

Prince *Medor* being very well pleaſed
 with this fortunate News, very freely
 accepted of their Proffer. and promis'd
 to accompany them ; and with ſo chear-
 ful a Countenance, that in his mortife-
 rous Spirit it ſeem'd the abſent Idea of
Florina had infuſed exact Vitality ; but
 at laſt fixing his Eyes upon the ſweet
 Object of the Ladies Beauty, and pon-
 dering on his divine *Florina*, he ear-
 neſtly demanded of *Thalmeno* who thoſe
 beautiful Ladies were, and what private
 Occaſion induced them to Travel ; who
 related to him the whole Circumſtance
 of their Proceedings, and their De-
 ſire to Travel to *Cicilia* : He thereupon
 having Complimented them in a very
 high manner, voluntarily proffered to
 conduct them through the Vineyards,
 and Champion Countries to the Sea-side ;
 the Princes and Ladies being very well
 pleaſed.

pleased, prepared instantly to depart, where they were no sooner arriv'd, but Prince *Midor* very fortunately met with a Ship of War of *Madagascar*, - which belonging to Duke *Alphonso* his Uncle, was by tempestuous Weather and contrary Winds forc'd there to take Harbour. Glad of this unexpected Opportunity, they immediately contracted a Bargain with the Master for their Passage, and with a favourable Wind they sail'd for *Cicilia*. They remained so long on the Seas, that after many tempestuous Storms, they at last safely attain'd *Gibraltar*, the Entrance of the *Mediterranean* Streights; and so with Joy keeping on their Course for the desir'd Island of *Cicilia*, they were towards Night very quietly becalmed, in such a manner, that their Ship made no way, but only floated upon the Face of *Neptune*, according as the slackness of the Current drove her; so that at last keeping good Watch; as the third Glass was in election to be finished, the Master walking aloft upon the spare Deck heard the noise of Oars plowing in the Entrails of *Thetis*; whereat resolving to prevent the worst, he mounted the main Shrowds, directing still his Eyes by his Ears so long, till at last he espy'd a very stout Galley swiftly making towards them; at which unlook'd for Accident, he with

his silver VVhistle alarm'd the whole Company in the Ship, who quitting their Hammocks, mounted the upper Deck, admiring exceedingly what this unaccustom'd Accident meant ; but the Master shewing them the occasion, they instantly with Heroical Resolutions, fetch'd forth their Muskets, and provided all Things which might be any ways necessary for a Combat ; amongst the rest, the Master Gunner burning with desire to shew some Experience of his Praiseworthy Art, requested the Captain to permit him to make a shot or two towards them ; whereat condescending, a couple of half Pieces of Ordnance were provided, and discharged off with such Fury, that it not only made a Massacre amongst the miserable Slaves, but also at so sudden a motion made the Commanders themselves tremble, in such a manner, as forced them to pull in their Oars, let down their Sails, and to stand upon their Guards ; which the Master perceiving, and knowing they would linger till the next Day, having appointed each his Place, and in his Absence gave the chief Officers their Charge, he immediately went down to the Cabin, to comfort our almost comfortless Lovers, who alas ! lay in a posture of Despair ; for they no sooner heard the Report of the Shot,

but

but they generally thought it came from some near harbouring Enemy; they were all in an Extasie of Sorrow, blaming *Fortune* for her Frowns, and exclaiming against their Miseries: Which the Master perceiving, comforted them in the best manner he could, and advis'd them to be chearful; adding moreover, that there was no Danger, and in the Morning he did not doubt of being Conqueror; whereupon our three Princes comforted their two sorrowful Ladies, who began to doubt of their own, and the Princes Safeties; which created many Tears that distilled down their Cheeks which our Princes perceiving, and being very eager to purchase their Freedom, solemnly departed the Cabin and thrust themselves amongst the Mariners; whom most Couragiously they animated with such Exhortation, that they generally protested to Sacrifice their Lives, for the Establishing of their Tranquillities. So that when Night was expired, and Day began to draw near, our Masters and Princes so ordered their Affairs, that the Flags and Streamers were abroad playing with the Wind, and all things ready in their proper Order; the Master upon the poop with his Silver Sword, to whease them to the Lee-ward, and the Trumpets ready at the Beck, to sound the first On-set:

On

On the contrary Part, the Galley sported herself in the Pride of her Warlike Jollity, and with a valorous Resolution came towards them; when instantly the Wind began to blow afresh our Master, by the consent of the three Princes, went by their short Sails within Cannon-shot resolving to attend their coming, and with Honour to fight it out: The which the Galley Slaves perceiving, began to cry *Vict ria*, thinking that they had already yielded. But, alas! they were deceived of their Hopes; for thinking to Board them, the Ship in a moment poured in her small Shot as thick as Hail, and therewithal gave such a Broad-side, which in the Galley made such a rattling Thunder, that their Rails, Penets, yea, Hatches, and all began to advance to the Skies: There might you have seen some dangerously wounded, which lay gasping their last; some already slain, imbruing themselves in their Fellows Blood; and some, whose Heads flying from their Bodies, went to advertise their Friends of their woful Tragedies.

The Captain and Commanders of the Galley, raging at the unexpectedness of receiving so hot an Entertainment, disdainig to die in their Debts, bad their Gunners give Fire; where betwixt them

was

was so furious a Fight, that it was hard to judge on which Side Victory would incline : But when the fatal Day was almost finished, where in many had lost their Lives, the Galley most dangerously received such a Shot between Wind and Water, that all within it made a hideous Cry ; which our Princes understanding, instantly conceived some Hopes of a Victory ; whereupon they afresh let fire their Cannon, which made such Breaches in the Galley, that they seeing no hope whereon to rely, immediately yielded : Which our Princes and Company perceiving, for sudden Joy gave a great Shout for the Conquest of so Famous a Victory ; when instantly they hoisted out their Shallop, and were in great Parley, which of them should go Commander : *Thalmeno* he willingly offer'd his Service, and *Palmo* he vow'd not to stay behind ; but Prince *Medor*, seeing his Associates in Contention steep in, and furiously protested they should both stay with their Ladies, for he would only go Master of the Ship. They hearing of his voluntary Resolution gave Sentence he should : Whereupon, with a Noise of Trumpets, away went Prince *Medor*, and *Thalmeno* and *Palmo* returned down to the Cabin, where their Ladies came reciprocally to congratulate them of their
great

great and fortunate Victory; where so joyful a meeting betwixt them was demonstrated, that their Minds, which before swam in the Ocean of Despair, did now float upon the Waves of Pleasantness; for their pale Complexions were metamorphos'd to cherry Countenances; and their mournful Eyes which were almost drown'd in Tears, did now clear up with Vivacity; and in short, all receiv'd such Satisfaction, as my abrupt Pen cannot delineate. Prince *Medor* being now near the Galley, at last very resolutely entred with his Men without finding any Opposition; who seeing there were all hid by sound of Trumpet commanded their Appearance, who came forth in a trembling manner and seeing their Enemies with their Swords drawn, immediately fell on their Faces and desired Pardon: Upon which Submission, Prince *Medor* Commanded his Men, that upon pain of Death, not to hurt them, either in Body or Goods. Which the Captain understanding, came forth and begg'd his Life, which Prince *Medor* instantly granted: Whereupon after he was inform'd whence the Galley came, and to whom it belong'd, he to the Prince address'd himself in these Words:

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‘ Although it grieves me, Courageous Knight, to be conquer’d by any, yet since my Fortune must needs endure the Frowns of War, I rejoyce in my Happines to become Tributary to so worthy a Person ; therefore, Noble Sir, since you have with such Heroical voluntariness spared our Lives, I must acquaint you, that within this next Cabin, there is resident a virtuous Lady, whom *Fortune* hath made our Prisoner ; her Extraction I know not, but if outward Deportment do’s describe inward Qualities, I presume she is some Person of noble Descent ; her Behaviour, though in Adversity, is such that as she carries her perplexity with a modest Countenance, so she Disdains to render herself Tributary to the Infidelity of *Fortune*.

Prince *Medor* no sooner understood this unexpected News, but burning with Desire to know what this Lady might be, very friendly commanded the Captain to bring him to her Presence ; where he was no sooner arrived, but he beheld this doleful Lady imbathing herself in Tears, lying prostrate on the Ground with her Visage over-veil’d, and being as it were in a Lethargy ; thinking that the first

that the first that entred was the Harbinger of Death, and the inhumane Instrument of her untimely Martyrdom. But behold it fell out otherwise ; for when she expected he would sheath his Sword in her innocent Breast, why even then he took her by the Lilly hand, and with an amiable Voice uttered these Words.

‘ Arise, fair Lady ! for your Life and Liberty is granted you : Whereupon in a Moment, as being acquainted with the Voice, she started, and perceived it was Prince *Medor* which pronounced that welcome Sentence, being transported with an extraordinary Passion, she fell into a Trance. Prince *Medor* perceiving this tragical unexpected Accident, failed not to employ his best Endeavours for her Recovery : and so thinking to raise her up, by chance the Veil falling from her Beautiful Face, he perceived it to be his fair *Florina* ; but being astonish’d, he doubted the sincerity of his Eyes, whilst a second surview of her Person confirm’d his Belief, and finding her to be essentially hit unlook’d for *Florina*, with a swift Resolution advancing his Pace, he with open Arms went and embrac’d her ; where so delightful a Meeting was betwixt them demonstrated that from so pleasing a Solace it was

meer Sacrilege to separate them : Prince *Medor* reflecting upon the Divine Object of *Florina's* Beauty, he so found his Mind devoted to silence, that the review of her cherry Countenance wrapped up his Senses in an Extasie of Contentation, which forc'd him into a Trance ; the which *Florina* perceiving melting as it were into Tears of Sorrow, with her fair Hands began to corroborate his Temples ; so that her sovereign Breath infusing Vitality to his sickly Senses, made him again re-assume his wonted Courage when inviting his wandring Tongue to display the Secrets of his wavering Mind, taking *Florina* by her Alabaſter Hand, he pronounc'd these Words :

Dear *Florina*, might I finish my Days in thy Embraces, or now sacrifice the remainder of my Life before thy Divine Deity, I should not only account myself favour'd of the Saints in affording me such good Fortune, but also esteem my Enterprizes more than happy, in being ratify'd by the Synod of the Gods themselves ; but dear *Florina*, since the blessed sight of thy heavenly self have so freed me from the Chains of Bondage and from the Fetters of Despair, I here present you with my Service, Constancy, and Fidelity ; and as I have long since dedicated

dedicated myself to your divine Beauty,
so I resolve to live and die your faithful,
and never wavering Servant to the end,

Medor

Which Heavenly Speeches *Florina* no
sooner heard but overshadowing her Lilly
Cheeks with a Crimson die ; having
imbath'd her tender Mind in Love, and
her Resolutions in Affection, she in her
delicate Hand taking her Handkerchief
to wipe away those pearled Tears from
her lovely Countenance, with an amiable
yet sorrowful Voice, she return'd him this
Answer.

Dear Prince *Medor*, were I acquainted
with that friendly God which ratified
thy Freedom, or with that favourable
Saint which reconducted thee to my
Presence ; my sincere Congratulation
should display itself with what Constancy
I attended your coming and now
with what Amity I honour thy Arrival ;
therefore welcome Dear Prince to thy
sorrowful *Florina*, and Millions of Thanks
to gracious *Mars* for investing me, Cap-
tive to so fortunate a Conqueror. Since
thy Departure I have lived most comfort-
less, yet enjoying once more thy Pre-
sence, I now bury the Memory of all
former Grievs in the Grave of Oblivion

vincible Affection hath so captivated
my Spirits, and conquered my Senses,
that only I now live to respect dear *Me-*
r, and in spite of all *Fortune's* Effects,
solve to die in the League of his desired
friendship.

The Prince pondering upon her affect-
ionate Words, not able to contain such
ardent Expressions, cry'd out, Ah Dear
Florina ! whose Sight infuses Vitality to
my amazing Senses ; banish now from
my Breast the Memory of Sorrow, and
let contentment flourish in thy Mind ;
or now before the Shrine of thy sacred
self, upon the Altar of Fidelity, *Medor*
presents thee with so complete a Portion
of undaunted Friendship as you can any
ways desire, or the Gods tribute ; and
dear *Florina*, since *Fortune* hath so or-
din'd it, that now contrary to my Ex-
pectation, you are made my happy Pri-
soner, know Empress, of my Thoughts,
and Angel of my Imaginations, that in
this most honourable Company I am bound
for *Cicilia*, where as soon as arrive, I
will most willingly solemnize our Nup-
tials, and ratifie my beautiful *Florina* to
be the sole Governess of my Breasts ex-
pectations.

Florina no sooner heard the Harmon of his Speeches, but said, Think not dear *Medor*, that having long since devoted myself yours, I will now Repent me of my Enterprize, but rather I beseech you consider, at least, if my Prayers may gain Acceptance in our Amity that *Florina* esteems the Seal of our Nuptials, to be the entrance of her Fortunatecy, and the uniting of our Affection the very Quintessence of her Felicity therefore I beseech you delay no time but rather advance thy Enterprize; to the end, that Prince *Medor* receiving the chief solace in his Breast, *Florina* may reciprocally enjoy the desir'd Object of her immortal Affections.

To which the Prince reply'd. When then my fair *Florina* make ready for thy Departure; to the end that I may inform my Princely Associates of our Happiness, and so prosecute our Voyage to *Cicilia*. To *Cicilia*; said *Florina*; as the pearled Tears trickl'd down her Vermillion Cheeks; which *Medor* perceiving desir'd her to let him know the occasion of that sudden Passion. To which she reply'd, Since I first heard you repeat the Name of *Cicilia*, my present Joy doth afresh put me in Mind of my for-

her Miseries. For, Dear Prince, having
for thy sake sequestred myself from all
company, and built up my Residence in
a desolate Castle; there unexpectedly
arriv'd two Foreign Knights from *Cicilia*,
who in reward of some small Favour I
afforded them, protested very solemnly
to research thee out, at least if the Con-
tries of *Africa* did contain thee. Prince
Medor reply'd, And have you not since
heard of their Adventurous Proceedings:
I do, reply'd *Florina*, which much troubles
me, in respect, they were Compassionate
to my Sorrows, and Admirers of my Af-
fections. Thus with much pleasant Dis-
course they deluded the Time, till *Florina*
dash'd out of her Cabin, and taking him
by the Hand, said, Come dear Prince
let us depart from hence, and Crown our
Miseries with the Triumph of Content;
Fortune you know is variable, therefore let
us slip no Time, while Opportunity doth
present; only this I do request of you,
that these miserable Slaves, who by
your Conquering Valour are made Cap-
tives, may without Prejudice to them-
selves or Goods, have free Permission to
depart safely.

Prince *Medor* highly Commending her,
projecting so Charitable a Virtue, ve-
reely thereunto condescended, and so
dis-

dismissing his Prisoners, he Commanded his Shallop to be made ready, and with a noise of Trumpets chearfully departed but long he floated not on the Surges *Thetis*, till a favourable Gale re-conducted him safe to his Ship, where entering and enquiring for the Princes, Answer was instantly made him, that they were in the Cabin, recreating the Ladies with Musick; whereupon leaving *Florina* for a while in another Cabin, he went to the Princes and Ladies, to participate of their exquisite Harmony: The which, *Thetis* laying their Instruments aside, each particularly with his Lady, went and congratulated his safe Return, asking him News of his Success: To which he replied:

Princes and Ladies, instead of a Prize, I have met with an inestimable Jewel the valuation whereof cannot be cast up by the whole industrious Science of Arithmetick, nor by the noble Art of *Algebra*. No, reply'd *Athelia* and *Mersilia* why then we believe you have taken the Mint of *Mexico*, or else ingross'd the Minerals of *Peru*. Indeed Ladies, reply'd the Prince, that I have not, and yet divinely rejoyce in possessing so sacred Present.

When

Whereupon *Palmo* and *Thalmeno* reply'd
Then we believe, Prince *Medor*, you
have received some Information of the
Princess *Florina*, or else seen the re-
sembling Idea of her Beautiful Perfec-
tions. The Prince hearing the Di-
vine Name of his *Florina* repeated, could
not refrain producing some Smiles; so
stepping to the Cabin where he had left
her, taking her by the Hand, he present-
ed her to the whole Company; at which
Thalmeno and *Palmo* reflecting their Ob-
servations upon her Angelical Beauty,
presently conjectured her to be the ad-
mired *Florina*; but not able to ratifie
their suspected Assurance, looking one
the other, durst not adventure to con-
gratulate her by the Name of *Florina*; on
the other side *Florina* fixing the Influence
her Speculations upon their Aspects,
immediately judged them to be *Thalmeno*
and *Palmo*; but at last, after many Ob-
servations, *Thalmeno* began to believe
that it was absolutely fair *Florina*; up-
on which kissing her Hand, he thus
congratulated her.

Madam, you are Thrice welcome to
joyful *Thalmeno*. And Millions of
Thanks to kind *Fortune*, who investing
my Eyes with the Objects of such un-
expected

‘ expected Happiness ! *Florina* hereat colouring her Cheeks with a Crimson Blush, return’d him this Answer.

‘ Thanks, Noble Prince, for your Heroical Goodness, and more than fortunate am I, to be the essential Subject of your Favours. Prince *Palmo* here interrupting her, went likewise and kissed her fair Hand, and congratulated her where betwixt those three Majestical of Affection, such joyful Expressions of Friendship was repeated, that *Athelia* and *Mersilva* sitting attentively in a Corner (unseen of *Florina*) admired what this unlook’d for Object was ; for first entertaining some sparks of Jealousie, they conjectur’d this beautiful Favourite was come on purpose to frustrate their Expectations : but instantly ballancing the Fidelity of their Princes by their own Affections, they both thought in point of Friendship, and to satisfy their Curiosity to advance and congratulate her ; but Prince *Medor* standing at some distance and conjecturing by the change of the Countenances, that their Thoughts were in some disorder, interrupted them in this manner.

‘ Fair Princesses, To be impartial, to fine Lady which is here presented

‘ you

your Eyes, is my admired *Florina*, whom I honour and adore, as the Goddess of my Felicity. *Atbelia* and *Mersilva* hearing this, and infusing into their Minds the prospect of this happy Accident, demonstrating by their smiling Aspects, that their Hearts were inwardly filled with Joy and Gladness, returned him this Answer.

' Prince *Medor*, we heartily congratulate you, and do exceedingly rejoice, that the Celestial Deity hath crown'd all our Affections, after our Sorrows; and that Fortune hath smiled upon you, in the happy Arrival of your Divine *Florina*! Whereupon they each of them saluted her, and congratulated her happy Welcome. Many affectionate Sighs, sweet Smiles, and piercing Countenances were on each side, with Demonstrations of Joy for Prince *Medor*'s and the Lady *Florina*'s happy Meeting. And now having finished their Congratulations, they wished themselves safely landed upon the Shores of *Cicilia*; the which the Master of the Ship perceiving, failed not to the utmost of his Power to shorten their Sea-faring Voyage: so that hoisting one more Sail, and plowing through the Entrails of the Sea, they at last in a radiant Day very

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fortu-

fortunately espied the Coasts of *Cicilia* which the Master perceiving, went immediately and advertised our Royal Company of this fortunate News; which no sooner was reported to them, but instantly leaving their amorous Discourse, they very chearfully, being desirous of that long wish'd for Sight, mounted the upper Deck, by which time the Wind continually freshing, they were almost approaching the Shore; the Prospect of which revived their sickly Senses, that Prince *Thalmeno* at last seeing the Ship at an Anchor, commanded the Boatswain to fetch them on Shore.

In which time the three Princesses went to their Cabins, and adorn'd themselves in a very rich manner, that they rather resembled Celestial Nymphs, than Humane Beauties, and Sacred Queens than Terrestrial Princesses. The happy Hour of their Departure being come, hand in hand like Saints of Felicity, they rushed forth, presenting themselves to their Princes, who attending their Arrival, receiv'd them with extraordinary Demonstrations of joy. Then generally taking leave of their Company, and the Shallop being ready, they most gallantly departed; at whose Farewell, the Master gave such a thundering

Volley

Volley of Ordnance, that the rebounding Echo thereof drove the harbouring *Cicilians* into an affrightment; presupposing that some foreign Enemy was come to invade 'em, that in whole Troops they directed their Course to the Sea-side; upon whose obdurate Sands with Drums beating and Colours flying, they attended their Landing.

Our Princess perceiving this unexpected wralike Assembly, could not imagine the Occasion of this Hostility; but to prevent the worst, they commanded a Flag of Truce to be demonstrated, and so drew near the Shore: Which the *Cicilians* espying, they desir'd to know of what Country they were, and what this unaccustomed Alarm meant, and so advanced to prevent their Landing. But Prince *Tbalmeno* not minding their flourishing Bravado, commanded the Boatswain to set 'em on Shore; which no sooner was effected, but they congratulated their Ladies safe Arrival, and each taking his Lady by the Hand, they very couragiously went forwards. The *Cicilians* thought to have had some hot Skirmish, but instead thereof, meeting with this weak Company, they ragg'd their Ensigns with Laughter in

the, Dust, which before were display'd
 in the Air. The chief Commander
 out of Curiosity, desiring to learn what
 this Tragi-Comedy meant, advanced
 their Pace towards our Royal Company
 where glancing their Eyes upon the Beauty
 of the Ladies, they at last fix'd the
 Eyes upon the Princes, and apparently
 perceived their Sovereign young Prince
Ibalmeno, to be there present: At which
 unexpected Sight, they threw away their
 Weapons of War, and went and prostrated
 themselves at his Feet. Which Prince
Ibalmeno perceiving, after having gratified
 their loyal affectionate Humilities
 with Thanks, commanded them to muster
 up their Forces, and so to accompany
 him, and his Princely Associates to the
 Palace. Which News was no sooner
 spread amongst the Camp, but they were
 ready at their Arms, and gallantly march'd
 forwards; the King by this time was ad-
 vertised of the welcome News of the
 Prince his Son's Arrival, and instantly
 commanded three stately rich Coaches
 to be sent to conduct him, and his Royal
 Companions to the Court; which was
 done with such Speed, that in a short
 time they drew near the Suburbs of *Messina*,
 which being the Capital City of *Sicily*

Royal Procession
dia, was so adorned on both Sides the
way with rich Tapestry Hangings on
the Windows and Balconies, Cannons and
ensigns planted on the Bulwark and Tow-
ers, in so pleasant a manner, that their
outward Pomp was a Demonstration of
their inward Affections.

The King his Father being certified of
his near Approach, accompanied with
the Queen, and a great Concourse of
Ladies and Cavaliers, very majestically
went forth to meet them, where before
the Port Royal he was graciously re-
ceived, in such a manner, as befitted his
Royalty; the Queen likewise embraced
him, and with joyful Tears congratula-
ted his Welcome. Having ended the Ce-
remony, with their beautiful Ladies,
they in great Magnificence Rode on to
the City, at whose joyful Entrance, the
Loyal Inhabitants caused their Pieces
of Ordinance to be discharged; the
Streets also, as they passed along, were
beautified with many stately Pageants;
where to demonstrate the Citizens vo-
luntary Kindness, this Royal Company
was feasted with curious Banquets, pre-
sented by Virgins of excellent Beauties:
Thus passing the Streets in Splendour,
G 3 through

through a Lane of warlike young Men of the City, they at last arrived to the Palace, where a double Court of Guards, commanded by the chief Nobles of the Island, most famously received them.

Tbalmeno having given the King his Father an Account of his Proceedings, and likewise of the virtuous Dispositions of the three Angelical Ladies, but especially of the Princess *Athelia*: The King willing to try the Experiment, whether she were adorn'd with such rare Perfections as his Son affirm'd, very privately invited her to a secret Conference; where entertaining her with sundry intricate Questions, as well of Wit, as Loyalty; Love, as Modesty; he at last found her so compleatly virtuous, that comparing her Ingenuity with her Princely Descent, he accounted himself happy to be endued with so gracious a Daughter, and his Son most fortunate in being blest with such a Matchless Beauty. The Queen likewise observ'd her modest Deportment, and Princely Qualities to be so adorn'd with affable Demonstratives of Goodness, that she thought her not only to be a second *Diana* for Modesty and Chastity, but also an excellent *Calliope* for ingenious Curiosity.

Where-

Whereupon she immediately thought
that no greater Happiness could attend
her Son, than to be grac'd with so sweet
Princesses, so that the King and Queen
both sympathetically triumphing, could
not be satisfied, until they had assigned
Day to perform their Nuptials: which
was not long prefixing, for the next Fe-
stival Day was appointed; which heaven-
ly news *Thalmeno* and *Atalia* no sooner un-
derstood, but with Millions of amorous re-
joycings they attended the Hour wherein
their Expectations should be crown'd

But to return to our other Princes and
Ladies, who being informed of Prince
Thalmeno's fortunate Proceedings, wish'd
themselves the like Enjoyment: which
Thalmeno perceiving, measuring their lan-
guishing Sickness by his own Distemper,
went immediately to the King his Father,
and humbly requested that his two Prince-
sses might likewise under his
gracious Favour, enjoy their virtuous
Princesses; which he so authentickly sol-
licit, that the King his Father to it soon
consented, and that one Day should
consummate the general Triplicity of
their Marriages.

This News was no sooner related by
Thalmeno to *Palmo*, Prince *Medor*, and the
Princesses, but being extreamly well plea-
fed,

fed, they heartily thank'd him for (Resol
great a Favour. with

While these Royal Lovers were with
pleasant Amours, beguiling the time, the Nigh
King was very diligent in making pre
parations for their Solemnity; and the
more to dignify that Day with heroica
Triumphs, he thro' his whole Island, by
his Herald, commanded a Tilt and Tour
nament to be proclaim'd; whereunto no
only the Nobles of his Dominions shoul
be welcome, but also all foreign Princes
and Cavaliers whatsoever, might have free
Access. were

The Report thereof was no sooner dis
persed through the neighbouring Nati
ons, but to *Cicilia* came in great Numbers
many valorous Troops, of magnanimous
Martialists, so that at the Time appoint
ed, as there wanted not Crouds of Spec
tators to behold the Triumphs, so there
needed not innumerable Numbers of Ca
valiers to satisfy their Expectations. T
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And now the joyful Day being come
which as the ingenious *Cicilians* did illu
strate with Terrestrial Bravery, so the
Gods themselves, in the Synod of their
Reso-

Resolutions did determine to adorn it with heavenly Beauty.

For *Aurora* had no sooner given the Night an Overthrow, but splendant *T.* began with his golden Rays to embellish the Day. when the Streets being hung with curious Tapestry, the Pageants adorned with glistering Art, and the Streets strewed with pleasant Flowers, by many Kings, Queens, Lords and Ladies, these, our Royal Lovers, were most majestically conducted to the Temple, where the Solemn Matrimonial Rites were Celebrated.

Then turning to the Palace, they were with sumptuous Feasts, curious Dances, and Sarabands, with stately Masks, and variety of Musick, so extraordinarily entertained, that the Description thereof I cannot sufficiently relate.

The Day now being over-veiled with obscure Night, summons these our amorous Lovers to their Bed-Chambers; where the Doors being shut, we will leave them to their amorous Pleasures, and return to the next Day, wherein the heroical Feats of Chivalry were to be accomplished. The

The Morn was fair, the Skies bright,
the Wind calm, and *Phæbus* in his radiant
Pavillion, delighted to Grace the Cir-
cumference of the Day, with his meri-
dional Beauty.

The Tilts being built, the Cavaliers
ready, and the Herald prepared ; let us
a while leave the Court, and with Va-
lour direct our History to the Camp ;
wherein a Gallery, Theatre-manner, was
so industriously built, that the Royal
Assembly, and Beautiful Ladies, might
at their Ease be Spectators, and in Safe-
ty sit unprejudic'd of any.

Now to begin with the Articles pro-
jected for Tilting, it was thus or-
dained :

- That the *Cicilians* should answer all
- Comers.

Whereupon by the King's Command,
the Herald sounded to the Combate ;
when instantly a *Cicilian* Knight, gal-
lantly mounted, entred the List, was pre-
sently met by a warlike *Hungarian*, who
at the first Encounter, lodging his Launce

in his Enemy's Breast, very valorously un-
hors'd him ; to revenge whose Infamy,
another *Cicilian* saluting the King, fetch-
ing his Career, galloped within the
Lifts, which as the first, was by the
Hungarian in a Moment vanquished.

The King astonish'd hereat, by his
Royal Page, sent the Conqueror a Pre-
sent ; and so extolling highly his Va-
pour, commanded two fresh Champions
to be admitted, which instantly was ac-
complished.

But wavering *Fortune* resolv'd for a
Time to smile on the strange Cavaliers,
did by the Instinct of her Influence, con-
tinually afford them Victory ; so that of
twenty *Cicilian* Champions, which En-
countred that Day, not one remained
Conqueror, but all to their immortal
Shame return'd vanquished.

The whole Assembly admiring hereat,
could not refrain from Astonishment ;
the which the King remarking, instantly
commanded the Triumphs for that Day
to break off, and so the general Assem-
bly departed.

The

The Rumour of this was noised abroad, and almost in the Court no other News, but the vanquishing of the *Cicilians*.

Our three young Princes, *Thalmeno*, *Palmo*, and *Medor*, much incensed to see their Associates defeated, animating their Breasts with Honour, Fame and Magnanimity; they at last resolved, next Morning privately in Person, in despite of all the Effects of *Fortune*, to maintain the Combat.

Upon which Determination, they went to the King's Armoury, and chose each of them a set of very rich Armour, imboss'd with fixed Stars, and Roses of fine Gold; and the better to bring about their Designs, they under-hand so secretly wrought with the King, that the next Morning, to decide the Combat, there should be on each side Elected three Champions, whereof, whosoever remained Conqueror, should be invested with the *Olympian* Garland of Vic-

y

Where-

Whereupon *Aurora* no sooner appear'd
in the Purple Sky, but the Drums tra-
versing the Streets, advertised all, as well
Natives as Foreigners, of the King's in-
tended Resolutions.

The *Cicilian* Knights not knowing of
the three Princes Intention, prepared
themselves for the Combate, and so like-
wise did the Strangers, among whom
they elected three magnanimous Princes,
whose Names anon shall be related.

In short, the King, Queen, and three
Princesses, with the rest of the Nobility,
were again seated in the Theatre, burn-
ing with Desire, to know on which side
Fortune would incline.

The Herald no sooner sounded to the
Combate, but three strange Champions
entered the List, being gallantly mounted
in silver Armour, enameled with Azure,
their Plumes all white and blue, prefigu-
ring Hope.

On the contrary part, whilst the *Cici-*
lians were in dispute, which Three should
enter, three gallant Cavaliers, being *Ci-*
cilians,

cilians, unexpectedly arrived, very richly moulded upon Snow-white Barbarian Coursers, apparelled in green Armour, their Plumes crimson and white, displaying the Beauty of their Ladies.

The King and Company admiring who these unknown *Cilians* were, commending their Valour, and martial Dexterity, commanded them for to begin.

The two foremost having paid their Obedience, giving Spurs to their Horses, very valourously advanced; at which furious Encounter, they both so gloriously behaved themselves, that it was difficult to Censure whose side Victory did most favour; but at last, the *Cilian* making a short turn, planting his Lance in the Enemies Crest, very gallantly bore him off the Saddle, to the no little rejoicing of the whole Assembly.

The second Stranger, not any ways discouraged with his Companion's Misfortune, very couragiously set forward, who being by the next *Cilian* as bravely met, were both at first very near Dismounted; in which triumphant Combat, having broken their Lances, they

retir'd;

etir'd; but no sooner were they furnished by their Pages with fresh Lances, at given Spurs to their Coursers, they ga'd advanced, where the *Cicilian* so gallantly behaved himself, that at the next Encounter, he forc'd both Horse and Man to the Ground with such Fury, that the whole Assembly thought he had bid a final Adieu to the World: Which the third Champion perceiving, with an undaunted Resolution gave purs to his Jennet; so the last *Cicilian* Knight seeing him approach, with a valorous Courage ran to encounter with him; where betwixt these warlike heroic Martialists so many Acts of Chivalry were demonstrated, that the whole Assembly gave such Expressions of Joy, at the viewing so rare a Combate, that they were infinitely well pleased.

But to conclude, as the Influence of Time giveth a full Period to all terrestrial Accidents, so in the twinkling of an Eye, this strange Cavalier was by the *Cicilian* Knight most famously vanquished, to the no little rejoycing of the Spectators, but also to the Satisfaction of the King himself; who for this fortunate Victory, came in Person to gratify

tify these Conquerors with his Royal Thanks; where, being 'unarm'd; espying them to be his Son *Tbalmeno*, with the other two Princes *Palmo* and *Medor*, very courteously went and embrac'd 'em, congratulating the Conquest of their Magnanimities.

The Queen likewise being advertis'd of this unexpected News, accompanied with the Princesses *Athelia*, *Mersilvia*, and *Florina* together with a numerous Train of glittering Ladies, came also to congratulate them; and so after many Complements, and amorous Ceremonies were past; conducted them in a most triumphant manner to the Palace, where they were no sooner arriv'd, but burning with Desire to know whose these vanquished Knights were, they so far prevail'd with the King, that he presently dispatch'd away a Nobleman, to invite them to the Court: when instantly the vanquish'd Cavaliers, accompanied with many Troops of valorous Knights, directed their Pace to the Court, where passing the silver Hall and Golden Gallery, they were conducted into the presence, where the King, Queen, Princesses, under a glorious

Canopy of State, imboss'd with Diamonds, attended their Arrival; at whose Entrance, descending their Thrones, they advanc'd to Complement them: But our three beautiful Princesses just going to Complement them, glancing their Eyes upon their Physiognomy, immediately perceiv'd they were their unexpected Natural Royal Parents: The sudden Vision whereof, put them in some Disorder; yet it was so innocent, that it rather was a Friend, than an Enemy to their Beauties: They quickly suppress it, and betwixt Love and Duty, prostrated themselves at their Feet, craving Pardon: at which amazing Accident, the Cavaliers, seriously observing their beautiful Complexions, found them absolutely, to be their only Daughters; so that Natural Affection, created Tears of Ravishing Joys from their Eyes, being transported beyond Measure at this unexpected Fortune, they raised them from the Ground, and fixing their Sight upon each others Countenances, they a long time remained silent; but at last, accumulating their Senses in a joyful Acclamation, spoke these Words;

‘ Welcome,

' Welcome, dear Daughters, to your
 ' sorrowful Parents, and Millions of
 ' Thanks to sacred *Jehovah*, for invest-
 ' ing our Eyes, with these so long de-
 ' sired Objects.

Which the King, with his Queen, no
 sooner heard, but perceiving them to be
 the happy Parents of these virtuous La-
 dies, in a most affectionate Manner went
 and congratulated them, blessing the di-
 vine Hour, which afforded them the Ho-
 nour of their Presence, and rejoicing
 in their Arrivals they were made so For-
 tunate.

The three Angelical Princesses all this
 while with Tears in their Eyes, stood
 trembling, fearing lest their Fathers
 would reprove them for Breach of Duty:
 Which their Parents perceiving, demand-
 ed the Occasion of their Disconsolate-
 ness; but they dying their Complexions
 with a Vermillion Blush, stood merely si-
 lent: Which King *Druino* remarking,
 stept to their Fathers, and related to them
 that being Married without their Royal
 Consents, he supposed the Discovery of
 it, they were fearful, would incur their
 grace

great Displeasure: ' Married! said their Fathers, Royal Cousin. I beseech you to whom? To which King *Druino* reply'd, ' *Athelia* to Prince *Thalmeno* my Son, and Heir apparent to my Crown; *Mersilvia* to Prince *Palmo*, Son to *Blithgora*, King of *Egypt*; and *Florina* to Prince *Medor*, Son to *Orlando*, King of *Biafara*.

Their Royal Parents no sooner understood this, but rejoycing in that their daughters were so honourably match'd, they went and most affectionately Embraced them.

King *Druino* seeing them therewith so well satisfied; moreover told them, That was those three Princes, their Sons-in-law, that so valourously had conquer'd them; which again administred so much more Joy, that they desired to bless their Nephews with the happy Object of their unfeigned Sons Personages; which immediately was perform'd: For our Heroic young Princes, no sooner understood this strange News, but instantly posting to their Presence, they very obediently saluted them, imploring Pardon for their ungracious Enterprizes; which, with a gracious

gracious Reply, was soon granted them
 so embracing them in the Sight of their
 Daughters, with an affectionate Sympa-
 thy, they, in publick View, generally
 ratified that which before was solemnly
 celebrated.

King *Druiro* perceiving this unexpect-
 ed heroical Meeting, remarking how their
 sweet Martialists of Affection were with
 their sweet Princesses happily United
 failed not, in the most Triumphant Or-
 der, to embellish this Royal Assembl-
 with extraordinary Grandeur: So as Bar-
 quetting these foreign Kings with such
 Princely Entertainment, as was Equi-
 valent to their Royal Persons, he a long
 time retained them in the *Cicilian* King-
 dom, to the no less Joy of his faithful
 Subjects than Admiration of all foreign
 Spectators; many Days were expir'd
 solemnizing these Triumphs, the Ho-
 nour whereof mounting the Skies, with-
 til Eternity, redound to the *Cicilian*
 Fame.

The three renowned Kings seeing
 now high time to draw homewards, be-
 cause they knew the publick Affairs
 their Kingdoms required their Presence

prepared themselves to depart; and so gratifying King *Druino* for their Royal Entertainment, and taking their Gracious Leave of the Queen and Nobility of *Cicilia*, they at last with their Princely Sons and Daughters, embarked themselves; when a favourable Gale blowing them from the *Cicilian* Coast, did most pleasantly re-conduct them in Safety to their own Kingdoms: So as *Thalmeno* being with his fair *Athelia* arrived in the Territories of *Zanfara*; *Palmo*, with his sweet *Mersilva*, in the Country of *Bobenia*, and *Medor*, with his dear *Florina*, in the Confines of *Namidia*, they all happily there lived in the height of most amorous Affection; till at last, Death summoned their aged Parents to pay Nature her Due; and being deprived from the Vanity of this earthly Kingdom, to the invested Saints in the celestial Monarchy, our young Princes were in their dead most triumphantly Crown'd, where living in great Tranquillity, they a long time reigned, to the Joy of their Subjects, and their own Hearts-Content.

F I N I S.



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